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Poetry.

DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

My treat, boys? Stop up, I don't care if I do,
It's many a time I've been treated by you,
And boys, I can tell you, it's many a time
With you, at the bar I have spent my last dime
And gone reeling home, but you've both done
the same.
We began, I believe, with wine and champagne
Served in wafer-like glasses, light as the mist
That rolls from the sea which the sun-god has
kissed.

We were then college students. Science and
Art, music and Latin slipped down with our
wine.
But staunch and brain out o'reloaded, and so
We held to the drink and let all the rest go.
Sunrise we had painted in glow light of pride,
Ambition and wealth swept away by the tide.
Love, social position and friends by the score,
We counted all, but the demon craves more.
We gave him each one of life's blessings, 'tis
true,
He asks for our souls and eternity, too.

Step up, boys, its my treat, providing you'll
join
The beverage I've chosen for old friendship's
shine.
You wonder what mixture I've gotten up now?
No mixed drink for me, I'm sure you'll allow.
I have mixed my drinks well, rum, beer and
champagne,
Strong drink to the stomach is death to the
brain.
A drunkard has lost only the semblance of
man,
The form of his Maker. Degraded, accurst,
The vilest of all living things and the worst.

But sometimes that bit of God's presence
within
Which claims to a fellow in spite of his sin,
And makes me to thinking. Well, sometimes,
you know,
The angel within us has worried us so
We have sworn to reform. We did it last year,
And we pledged to drink nothing stronger than
beer.

We made up in quantity what it lacked in fire
And watched the last glow of true manhood
expire.
In excesses, poor phantoms, pride's tawdry
bourse,
Concealing not death but humanity's curse.
We smothered conscience, hushed whisperings of
fear,
We threw model temperance men drinking our
beer.

Drinks for three, if you please. We'll take the
pure stuff;
Of soul-blighting mixtures we've had quite
enough.
Don't scrimp the measure. Fill the glass to the
brim,
With God's sparkling sunlight and glory thrown
in;
Pure crystalized light from the vineyards above,
Dew drops—the gods, from God's wine press of
love.

What brought it about, this free lecture of
mine,
And wine's variations? List, boys, while I
tell—
You know how you left me that night at the
well.
Fair-eyed and besotted with imbecile leer,
A real model temperance man pickled in beer.

She met me, my guardian angel, so fair;
The nights dews lay damp on her beautiful
hair.
The locks drew hung wet on her lashes, and lay
On her thin, pallid cheeks. Boys, you know the
day
She came to my home, wife and helpmate to be,
The bonniest girl, and you both envied me.

The bright pansy blue has gone out of her eyes,
And her voice—O how I loathe and despise
The wretch who could blight them. No word of
mine
Or censure for me had my fair little saint.
She steadied my uncertain footsteps and led
The wreck of my manhood in silence to bed.

I called for a drink, as the demon of thirst—
The demon whose presence my life has accurst
Raged within me. Annie obeyed my command
And for—got me a drink with love's unweary
hand.

As she passed it to me, one jewel tear fell
And was lost in the drink she brought from the
well.
That tear sobered me, I had seen them before,
But I swore then and there I'd drink them no
more.
I swore that the rest of my life's misspent
years
I'd drink God's pure water, but not Annie's
tears.

Our Story Teller.

A QUIXOTIC REQUITAL.

BY E. M. DAVY.

I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. I worshipped her with a passionate girlish adoration that can only be comprehended by those who have had a like experience to my own. How it came about that an intimacy should have sprung up between the fashionable Mrs. Dalyel of Dalyel Court, Warnshire—a Frenchwoman by birth, but now the widow of a wealthy Englishman—and myself, a simple student at law, will be seen by the conversation which took place the morning after I arrived on a visit to her at Bath.

We were sitting in a private room of the Grand Hotel, overlooking the busy thoroughfare of Stall street, and were watching with a melancholy interest the numerous Bath chairs with their sad-eyed occupants passing in endless succession to and fro. Contrasting the lot of these poor sufferers with my own, my heart over flowed at the thought of all Mrs. Dalyel had done for me, and turning to her I tried to express in a few broken words some of the gratitude I felt.

She silenced me at once.

"Dear Lucy" she said in her musical voice, with the slight touch of foreign accent which gave such a charm to her speaking, "what is it that I have done? Why, truly nothing! You exaggerate the facts, my child. I was in London for the season, and, like others of my friends, I took the pottery craze, and joined a class at Powell and Storm's. You naturally thought that out of my wonderful knowledge I was going on, I wrote inviting you to join me here. In short, I wanted you to amuse me, Lucy. You owe me no thanks for that."

"My poor father—" I began.

"He was ill, blind, dying, when I knew you first. That accounted for your poor little white face and oft times tearful eyes, that had to toil and slave to earn money, that he might not want for necessaries. When I heard this, my heart bled for your trouble, and I—who had more money than I could spend upon myself—gave you some of it for him. I sent also a little fruit, a little wine, a doctor, and I believe he was a little doctor too! Say, was it not so?"

"Dear Mrs. Dalyel, do you count it nothing that you made my father's last days happier, that you gave him what all my loving toil could not procure? My gratitude—"

"Pshaw! Child, speak not of gratitude. It consists but in the name. It is the rarest of—"

"But mine—" I protested.

"Ah, *yours* will doubtless bear fruit such as the world has never known. It will enable you to move mountains—to give up kingdoms for my sake."

"Why do you laugh?" I asked, much pained. "Since I can remember anything I have lived only for my father—and my art. From to-day I shall live for something more; to prove to you that there is such a thing as gratitude."

"Dear little enthusiast!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalyel, with a laugh. "Then be it so. Convert me to your belief as quickly as you will. But see how the morning passes. I must go and drink the water."

Ten minutes later we crossed the street and passed under the colonnade to the pump room where Mrs. Dalyel took her glass of water from an attendant and sat down at one of the small tables within the cordon, signing to me to do the same.

Though everything was new to me, I glanced but carelessly about the room, at the well known statue of Beau Nash, the King of Bath, at the anxious faces of the water drinkers. I sought for something else, and found it soon in the shape of a white board bearing in large black characters the words "To the Roman Baths" on which also was a hand with index finger pointing out the route. It was there I had promised to meet Horace, but what excuse could I frame for leaving Mrs. Dalyel? Happily none was needed, for at that moment she happendd to look up, and her eyes following mine, she said:

"No need to sit here all the time with me, dear child. Go down and see the newly-discovered Roman baths. I have seen them once; for me that was enough. In half an hour you can rejoin me here."

I thanked her with a somewhat guilty conscience, and left her lingeringly.

On passing out of the pump-room I found myself in a narrow passage with doors on either side. Presently I came to a small spiral staircase which brought me to a vaulted corridor hot with the fumes of baths; then, descending a steep wooden ladder I emerged suddenly into the open air on to the scene of the recent excavations.

The August sun poured down his intensest rays from a heaven unflecked by cloud. Around lay heaped, in picturesque confusion, frieze and capital and column. I glanced momentarily at the few persons inspecting the ruins, but all were strangers to me. I paused on the broad stone steps laid there by our mighty conquerers six-teen centuries before, and gazed down into the dark waters of the bath.

Presently a little pebble, so small it scarcely caused a ripple, was flung into the water close to me. Guessing it to be a signal, I turned instantly in the direction from whence the pebble came and stepped out of the sunshine into the shadow of some vaulted masonry. There before an ancient stood the "one man in the world to me." He drew me to him in the shade, the large canvass on the easel forming a friendly screen before us. He looked into my eyes, and kissed my lips; and I—what wonder that my pulse throbbed, and that my heart beat high with happiness? My short life, hitherto so overclouded with care, seemed bathed in sunshine now.

"I may tell Mrs. Dalyel our secret?" I asked Horace as we were about to part to meet again on the same spot next day.

"No, Lucy," he said, "not yet; but soon." And as his will was mine I agreed to keep my engagement, yet a little longer.

Three days went by, three happy days; for each morning I met my lover at our chosen and apparently safe trysting place. But on the fourth, as we sat in our cool retreat, I saw to my inexpressible dismay the tall and graceful figure of Mrs. Dalyel crossing leisurely the open space before us.

Horace, whispering me to sit still, rose, altered quickly and dexterously the position of his easel—so that while it served as a screen to me, he himself stood out in the sunshine—then took up his brush and palette and began to paint. Mrs. Dalyel saw him instantly, and I was struck with the look that came into her face on doing so. It was unmistakably one of recognition and of startled, glad surprise.

"Mr. Lorenzo!" she exclaimsd, when she had come quite close to him. Horace raised his hat, but apparently did not see the outstretched hand.

No doubt you are surprised to find me here, Mrs. Dalyel," he said. "I left Rome about a month since and came to London. I ran down here because—" The pause he made appeared significant.

"You knew that I was in Bath? You came to seek me?"

Her voice was so soft and low, it thrilled me. What a revelation it contained. Scarcely breathing, I awaited his reply.

"Here is my excuse," he answered, evasively, calling attention to his work. "You see I am painting a picture of this place. I am building up these ruins as they may have been in the golden days of their glory, and peopling them with figures of the past."

"The past!" she echoed. "Oh, at seeing *you* again, I can think but of *one* past. The scene, Rome. The actors, you and myself. Have you quite forgotten, Lorenzo?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered, in the hardest, bitterest tones I ever heard; and he continued to paint vigorously, and Mrs. Dalyel, sitting beneath the shadow of her deep lace bordered parasol watched him with a feverish look in her fine dark eyes.

"Since we parted, Mr. Lorenzo," she said, gently, "I have seen your name rise gradually to fame. Fortune has been kind to you, whilst I—"

"Whilst you are as handsome as ever; as rich, and I trust as happy." She laughed, a little disdainfully, it seemed.

"You judge by appearances," she said. "To tell you the truth, I am most greatly changed."

"Not in my eyes, at least," he answered, in deep, concentrated tones that made me shiver and turn cold. Then she bent her proud head close to his—so close—and spoke rapidly a few words that I could not hear. But he drew back and to all appearance irrelevantly asked: "You are not alone here, Mrs. Dalyel?"

"No. I have with me a little protegee; a young girl whom I have taken up."

"Another whim of the moment?" he asked, bitterly.

"What would you?" she returned, with a slight shrug and her most pronounced French manner. "We idle women who have no ties—we take up with English people call a 'craze' for this or that'——"

"When 'this or that' means man or woman, then I say the play is sometimes dangerous for the victim," he interrupted. "Perhaps I speak too feelingly. This is scarcely the place, nor is it yet time to enter on——"

"Come to the hotel," she said, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "When may I expect you?"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then said in a firm, low voice: "It was my intention to call on you this evening. I will do so."

He went on painting. I saw a flash of triumph leap into her eyes. Then she bowed and turned away.

I rose from my dark corner, thinking to pass Horace unperceived. He had dropped his brush and stood gazing after Mrs. Dalyel, deeply lost in thought—though that was pleasurable, for he smiled.

"Don't run away like that, Lucy!" he cried, hurriedly catching at my dress as I brushed by. I dared not trust myself to speak, much less to remain, but shaking myself free from his detaining hand, I fled across the open space and up the wooden ladder, scared and breathless. There I turned, and looking down on the scene I had just quitted, saw the sunshine gilding the broken colums, glistening in the waters of the bath, and Horace standing where I had left him with a bright smile on his lips. I grew dizzy and faint before my eyes to shut out the sight, and, shivering, made my way back to the hotel.

Too miserable, too mystified, to dare to meet Mrs. Dalyel at lunch, I made an excuse to remain in my own room, but on joining her later, my attitude with the orange in her hand, her cheeks were flushed, her beautiful eyes beamed with a new light in them. She looked handsomer than I had ever seen her. And I—I watched her with a pain at my heart that was new and strange to me. When the wretched dinner was over—which one of us could not touch for happiness, the other for very misery—Mrs. Dalyel called me to her, bidding me to be seated on a low stool at her feet, my hand close clasped in hers. She said: "Lucy, my liking for you is no idle whim. I love you dearly. As a proof of this I have something to tell you that concerns you very closely, but first of all I shall make a confession to you that regards myself. You love me, child?" she asked, leaning over me.

For sole reply, I pressed my lips upon the hand I held, while she continued:

"When quite young I married Mr. Dalyel. My parents arranged the marriage according to the approved French custom. Six years ago my husband died, leaving me a large fortune, the bulk of which, however, in the event of my making a second marriage, goes to his only relative; a man of whom I know nothing, except that he disgraced himself in my husband's eyes by going into trade. The first year of my widowhood over, I went to Rome. When there I took a craze for art, studied for several months under one of the first artists, and became acquainted with a young man named Lorenzo, also studying in the same studio. He was many years younger than myself; very handsome, a charming companion, devoted to art, and very soon became equally—or perhaps rather more—devoted to me. Well, what would you? I encouraged him—as a pastime, of course—but never for one moment believed he was sufficiently infatuated and presumptuous to ask me to marry him. He not only asked me to be his wife, however, but seem astounded by my refusal. I laughed at him, ridiculing to scorn a proposal from a man so young, unknown, and above all penniless. We parted in bitterest anger; for he was proud, high-spirited, passionate as myself. But as time went by, I found, too late, alas, that I loved this proud young artist, whom I had scorned in Rome—loved him with a love your girlish heart could understand. I said too late; I thought so then; but now, thank heaven, I have seen him once again. He is coming here to-night, and I will tell him ——" Bending over me once more, she kissed my forehead, speaking the last words in a whisper:

"Can you guess, my child what I will tell him?"

"That—you love him?"

"Yes!"

"But Mrs. Dalyel, forgive me, are you quite sure that he—that he still loves you?" I asked, trembling, surprised at my presumption; for, could anyone who had once loved her, fail to love her all his life?

"Do you suppose, Lucy, that having once loved me——?"

Ha! It was an answer to my thoughts. She broke off suddenly; then continued in a different tone:

"After all, this is only leading, my child, to what I have to say. Your future, Lucy, is as interesting to me now as is my own. I have found a husband for you. The man to whom, if I marry again, my fortune goes is coming here. I have corresponded with him through my solicitor, and this letter, concerning the affair reached me to-day. I took it this morning to the Roman bath, to read to you, but we missed each other somehow, and since then other thoughts have filled my mind. He says: 'I am ready to marry your protege as soon as she will have me, and will call upon you on the evening of the day you receive this letter.' It is short and to the point. He has plenty of strong, good sense, this dear stockbroker cousin, you may be sure! My solicitor tells me he is not rich. Stock-broking has not flourished with him it seems. But with my fortune—mine that I shall forfeit to marry the man I love—you will make quite a grand match, my child. Stand up and let me look at you, little bride elect."

Mechanically, at her bidding, I stood up. What else was there for me but to obey?

"What a poor little trembling mouse it is! How white and scared you look. Oh, but you will be very happy with your stock-broker—far happier than painting pots and plates, my dear. He will be here to-night—and my lover too."

I was still standing in front of her, and she was looking at me with her beautiful eyes and smiling red lips. I tried to speak, but knew not what to say. In my agonuy, my right hand clutched a little cord about my throat. So strong was the grasp that the thread snapped suddenly, and a large medallion, till then concealed, fell to the ground at Mrs. Dalyel's feet. She saw at a glance it was a miniature of Horace, and looked at it closely as she took it in her hands, then from it to me.

"How came you by this?" she asked, in a tone in which pride was strangely mingled with surprise.

"Mrs. Dalyel, I painted it from memory."

"*You!* Is it possible you know Mr. Lorenzo? Why are you so slow in answering? Speak, Lucy."

"I knew him many years ago," I replied, in a voice I did not recognize as my own. "He lodged in our house. We were always poor, you know. He lodged with us in London before he went to Rome. I was a child then.

"But this is a picture of him as he is now. It is like, wonderfully like," she said, looking at it closely, then suddenly at me. "But, child, child, why do you look like that? There is something more. Tell me, for heaven's sake, tell me——" She caught my hands and held them so tightly that she hurt, while her eyes seemed to burn like fire into mine. "Tell me—what is this man—to you?"

"To me? I gasped, all the suppressed passion in me rising at her words: "Mrs. Dalyel, how can you suppose that he is anything to me? Have you not said he is—your lover?"

And snatching my hand away, I fled swiftly from the room.

On reaching my own little chamber I sat down at the toilet-table dazed and helpless. A long time must have passed for it was dark when some one knocked at my bedroom door. It was Mrs. Dalyel's maid.

"Will you please go to the sitting-room, Miss Vane," she said. And the next moment, without my uttering a word, I was turning the handle of that door.

The bright light dazzled me at first, but I was able to perceive that there were two persons in the room—Mrs. Dalyel and a gentleman. He had his face turned from me; he was partly hidden by the window-curtains.

Mrs. Dalyel rose. She was deadly pale; her lips compressed and bloodless; her head was thrown back proudly. She scarcely seemed to see me, but the look in her eyes was terrible.

"Lucy Vane," she said, in a hard, set voice, out of which all the old music had departed, "I told you that I was interested in your welfare, and that, in accordance with the custom of my country, I was arranging a marriage for you. You are aware that my late husband's cousin is ready to marry you. He is here, and desires that I present him to you. Miss Vane—Mr. Horace Dalyel."

So saying, and drawing herself up to her full height, she swept proudly from the room.

Horace! I started at the name, then raised my eyes to the man who, after she had pronounced his name—and not before—turned and came a few steps toward me. My heart gave a bound, and then stood still at sight of him.

"Ah, what a charming little comedy this has been!" he exclaimed, laughing, as he came forward eagerly with outstretched hands; but I clasped mine behind me and grew back.

"Lucy, won't you speak to me till I explain? Well, then, my darling, sit down here while I tell you my story as short as I can make it, for I want to see you your own dear, smiling self again."

I sank mechanically into the chair he placed for me, and he continued:

"You know when I lodged with you that I was bent upon being an artist, but I did not tell you my real name, or that my cousin—many years my senior, and my guardian—did all he could to dissuade me from my intention. I determined to be the master of my own destiny, however, and, without informing any one except your father, I went to Rome and studied there under the name you know me by—Lorenzo. In order to enjoy my freedom to the fullest extent and to 'snap all links of habit,' I gave out that I had gone upon the Stock Exchange. It was a happy thought, for by that means I completely ostracised myself from my cousin and his set."

He paused a moment, then went on more rapidly:

"In Rome, many years afterwards, by a strange fatality, I encountered my cousin's widow, Mrs. Dalyel—I do not deny—fell desperately in love with her. She gave me every encouragement, and it did not appear to me presumptuous to believe her passion real, knowing as I did, that according to my cousin's will, if she married again, the bulk of her fortune would go to me. And she behaved infamously; refused me with the utmost arrogance, calling me adventurer, fortune hunter, I know not what; little thinking that a marriage with me was the sole way to *keep* her wealth, instead of forfeiting it. You may be sure I did not enlighten her on the point; but I swore to be revenged. A rare opportunity presented itself on discovering *you* to be her protege. Another, still more unique, occurred when, a few days since, she wrote to her lawyer to negotiate a marriage between the poor, despised, plebeian stockbroker cousin and her dear protege, Lucy Vane. The letter was forwarded to me here and I made a draft of the answer to be copied by the lawyer's clerk and re-enclosed to Mrs. Dalyel.

"Lucy, the little comedy is ended. The denouement came about most satisfactorily, and behold me, your true lover, here by Madame, my cousin's orders to make love to you!"

He laughed out merrily, but stopping suddenly, "you scarcely seem to—understand?" he questioned, in an altered tone.

"You—you expect me to enjoy 'the little comedy!'" I asked with a half sob, which I in vain tried to suppress.

"Why not?" and he sought to take my hand.

"Because to me it is more tragedy than comedy," I answered, striving to brace every nerve to calmness, and succeeding to all outward show.

"We view the matter through different lights, it appears, Lucy. And it is hard—just a little hard on me, I think, to take it as you do. You are so utterly unlike your old dear self—is it Mrs. Dalyel's baneful influence? You know how I strongly objected to this visit, but you were perfectly infatuated with the woman——"

"Mr. Dalyel, I must leave you. All is at an end between us," I said, getting up and going towards the door.

"But, Lucy, my own darling, this is simply madness! Whatever has come over you? You surely are satisfied that I do not love that woman?"

"I cannot argue. But I have my own reasons for assuring you that from now we must be strangers. Nothing that you can say will alter this determination. Please let me pass."

"Then you have no right to keep these reasons to yourself. It is the barest justice that you tell me what they are."

Oh, how could I? How could I, since he did not know, or sought to conceal from me, the fact that Mrs. Dalyel loved him?

"Mrs. Dalyel is so beautiful, so good——" I stammered.

"But my dearest girl, when I tell you my heart is yours, and that I do not love Mrs. Dalyel!" A ray of light shone on the difficulty.

"Are you quite sure that I—love you?" I asked, crimsoning at the bare thought of the untruth I was about to act.

"Lucy, it you, laying your hand in mine, and looking at me with your truthful eyes, can say: 'Horace, I do not love you,' I will believe you, and will give you up. Not otherwise, I swear."

"Then heaven pardon me, for you drive me to it," I exclaimed, in desperation. "Horace, I do not love you." I neither laid my hand in his, nor looked at him. I said the words clearly and firmly that were to part us for ever, and before he had recovered from his consternation, I had fled from the room. The ordeal was over.

My sacrifice was made.

Mrs. Dalyel I did not see again until next morning. I was dressed ready for departure, my portmanteau on a cab before the door.

"Mr. Dalyel," I said, falteringly, "I have come to wish you good-bye."

She turned and looked at me, her face cold and stern as it had been the night before. There was a scornful smile on her beautiful red lip.

"Where are you going?" she asked, coldly.

"To my old life. To the home in which you found me; and I shall have all I want—all that is good for me," I corrected, hurriedly.

"Go, then."

"Yes. But I cannot go like this." Her coldness cut me to the heart. "Will you not kiss me first? I have loved you so!"

"I would as soon kiss an adder," she cried, her eyes blazing with anger. "Go, go; never let me see or hear of you again."

With a choking sensation in my throat I turned away. Pulling down my veil, I left the hotel and started on my sad solitary journey back to town.

How dreary looked my two small rooms in the dull, narrow street of Kensington, despite the warm welcome of the kind, motherly woman with whom I lodged!

But I was determined not to repine. I must accept my life as it was and make the best of it. Besides, had I not still my art? So I set about putting my little studio in order, taking from where I had stowed them, my bits of china, my tapestry, my specimens of painted glass. This done, I sat myself down to paint a plaque. But alas, my hand seemed to have lost its cunning, my eyes their sense of color. Ah, how I have laughed since at the sorry sight that unlucky plaque presents, for I continued to paint at it long after it was too dark to see. And then—and then, I suppose I dropped asleep.

"Thank heaven, you are awake at last!" a well-known, much loved voice exclaimed.

I had lifted my head from the table on which it had been resting, rubbed my eyes, and began to look about me. The gas was lighted. Was it a dream that Horace stood before me?

"I followed you from Bath by the next train, he went on, excitedly. "And now tell me, Lucy, tell me that you did *not* mean what you said to me last night."

"I *did* mean it. I can never, never marry you," I answered, recovering myself. I knew now it was no dream; but that Horace was really there demanding—as he undoubtedly had the right to do—an explanation of my conduct.

"Why cannot you marry me?"

"Because——" Oh, how could I explain?

"I *know* you love me, Lucy."

"This is cruel, wicked of you!" I cried, turning away my face.

"And loving me—knowing also that I love you—it is cruel, wicked of *you*," he echoed, setting my words, "to doom us both to misery for no reason that I can understand. If you persist in refusing to have anything to say to me, pray who will be the gainer?"

"Mrs. Dalyel."

"Great heavens, child! Do you imagine that she is not in love with me? I confess I had not thought of that!"

"Then do think of it, Horace. You have met again. It is—it *is*—quite possible."

"This is indeed too rich a joke. What then?"

"She has been so good to me—so good! It would be such base ingratitude——"

"Ah, now I begin to see! You would sacrifice your happiness to a Quixotic fancy. But in that case, Lucy, you should take care to be the only sufferer. You have no right to spoil my life too."

"But would it spoil yours? Suppose she loved you and was ready to marry you to-morrow?"

"I would not have her if there were not another woman in the world! I love you Lucy, and you only. Come, sweetheart, put all these far-fetched ideas of gratitude aside. Unsay the cruel words you spoke last night. Tell me that——" He paused; we stood close together now. He caught my hand and pressed it unhindered to his lips.

"I love you, Horace," I whispered, "and decided wrongly. Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

He did forgive me; but Mrs. Dalyel did not. I have never seen her since that—to me—most wretched day at Bath.

IMPRINTED BY LIGHTNING.

Scientific Men Puzzled by the Phenomenon—A Girl's Face Photographed on a Tray.

A remarkable freak of lightning recently occurred at Plainfield, N. J. Cornelius D. Paul lives in West Fourth street. The shutters of the bay-windows in the dining room of his large frame house were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested a polished old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady about 18 years of age. The incident is somewhat peculiar and can be best described in the following statement, which Mrs. Paul has prepared:

"I have been requested to give an account of a singular phenomenon or freak of nature that occurred in our house during the recent thunder storm, on the evening of the 14th of July. The family had all retired early, with the exception of my daughter, who was sitting up awaiting the arrival of a servant who was expected home any minute. The violence of the storm increased and the lightning was so vivid and continuous that there appeared to be no cessation between the flashes. My daughter, on stepping to the dining room to close the windows, saw that a small tray that lay upon a table in the bay window was attracting the lightning in what seemed a dangerous manner, being in the centre of an almost constant blaze of light. Approaching for the purpose of removing it, she was suddenly startled by a fearful flash and hastily turned away, but waiting for a few moments for an opportunity, she succeeded in drawing it off and covering it with a rug. Nothing further was thought of this until next morning, when, on removing it, we discovered a protile likeness of my daughter, apparently burnt into the bottom of the tray. We cannot account for this, except on the hypothesis that the picture must have been photographed by the electric light at the time my daughter drew back so suddenly."

A Religious Controversy.

There is much theological commotion in New England—another development of the old controversy between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. In a nutshell, the trouble is right here: The orthodox Congregationalists hold that probation ends with life, and that the sinner enters into eternal punishment after death. They argue that if this is not so there is no paramount need of accepting Christ's religion during early life, if there be another period of probation beyond the grave. The Andover school holds that probation does not necessarily end with early life, and in case of heathen and savages who never heard of the Christian religion there must necessarily and in justice be a period of probation after death. From what is known of the principal disputants in this controversy, the weight of talent and authority seems to be on what would years ago have been deemed the heterodox side.

The Deserted Room of the White House.

The Garfield chamber in the White House still remains unopened, and has never been tenanted since it was vacated by the wounded President in 1881. It is said that Pres. Arthur had a horror of the place, and that the present occupant of the White House is equally loath to break the somber silence of the apartment. This course is natural, but it is scarcely wise. Gen. Garfield did not die in the room, so there is scarcely even a ghostly presence to forbid the removal of the close curtains and the sealing up of the apartment as a haunted chamber. There is not too much space in the White House, and no desecration would be implied in the restoration of the chamber to a condition of occupancy and usefulness.

Humor.

SEEING JOBSON HOME.

Dufficulty of Playing the Good Samaritan in Boston.

A newspaper man of wide acquaintance and benevolent disposition was going home one night not long ago when he fell in, at the doorway of a hotel, with a person or some consequence in the community, who had tarried much too long over the wine cup, and was in a state where disgrace if not harm might come to him if he were not got safely home very soon.

"Bless me!" said the newspaper man to himself; "here's a chance to do the Good Samaritan, I'll have to handle Jobson carefully, because he is very drunk, and adroitly steer him home while seeming to let him have his own way.

So he stopped and fell into easy conversation with Jobson, and presently said:

"Well, I must be going home, Jobson. Won't you walk along with me?"

"Shert'nly, ol' boy, shert'nly," said Johnson. "Great's pleasure 'n 'er warl' shee a man honee. Come ri' 'long, ole fellow, come 'long."

They set out together, the newspaper man supporting the unsteady movements of his companion. Suddenly the former remembered that he didn't know where Johnson lived, except that it was somewhere away off in the southern outskirts of the city, a fearful distance beyond his own house. But he didn't like to ask any question that would suggest to Johnson that he was taking him home, and simply depended on the impetus in the right direction to carry them along.

Presently they reached the newspaper man's house, and Johnson insisted on leaving him there. But the newspaper man grew very brotherly, and kept Johnson going. The latter protested that the night was damp and chilly, that it wouldn't do for him, the journalist, to stay out, and so on. But the newspaper man kept him going. There wasn't a car or a carriage, and the Good Samaritan wouldn't have dared to take one if there had been. It grew very late, and he thought of his own wife getting up in alarm at his absence. But he was in for it.

Along toward morning they reached a door, which Jobson, who had grown drunker and drunker, seemed to have a friendly interest in. The newspaper man tried it and Mrs. Jobson came to the door.

"All ri', old girl," said Jobson, "my fren' seen me home; now I mus' shee him home. Goo' night, ole girl! Can't let him go 'ome 'lone in this damp air!"

It would seem that nothing could restrain Jobson from starting back to town with his companion. Finally, he insisted, as a compromise, that the newspaper man should stay all night with him.

Mrs. Jobson gave an appalling look, and the journalist consented, thinking to get Jobson in the house and then slip out, by his wife's aid. But, once in, Jobson insisted that he must sleep with him, and grew very ugly when he tried to get out of it. And so the unfortunate newspaper man went up to bed with the drunkard, who took off his coat only when his friend did, and wouldn't touch a single button until the other had unfastened the corresponding one, and wouldn't get into bed until the other had. At last both were snugly under the sheets, and the newspaper man was waiting eagerly for some sign that his companion was asleep, when Jobson exclaimed:

"Great ——, old fellow, did you shay your prayers?"

"No."

"By zhe ole Harry, get up and shay your prayers, 'n I'll shay mine!"

The newspaper man got up and knelt at one side of the bed and Jobson at the other. When the ceremonies were completed both got back into bed, and in about five minutes Jobson began to snore loudly. The newspaper man got his opportunity. He rose stealthily, put on his underclothing with trembling hands, sneaked down the stairs with his outer garments on his arms, and finished his dressing below. Then he bade the weeping Mrs. Jobson good morning, and started for his own house. It was broad daylight when he reached home, and he found another weeping woman there to greet him.

"The next time I find a drunken man making a night of it," the newspaper man says now, "he can make a night of it for all of me. I have had enough of the Good Samaritan business to last me all my life."

The Traveler Who Knew the Ropes.

The travelers who had struck up an acquaintance while enjoying a supper on one of the Burlington Route's splendid dining cars sat in the smoking-room telling stories as the train slowly crept westward over the great bridge spanning the Mississippi river.

"I feel as if I'd like a good drink," said one of the travelers; "the train stops twenty minutes at Burlington—s'pose we go and get one."

"All right," said the other. But, suddenly bethinking, he added: "No, I guess we won't get a drink in Burlington. Don't you know that we are now in the prohibition state of Iowa?"

"That makes no difference," was the reply; "I know the ropes here in Burlington, and you just come with me and I'll get you a drink in two minutes."

But the other traveler was quite as certain that the thing could not be done. He, too, had been many times in Burlington, and had hunted the town high and dry for a loophole in the law's administration where a glass of corn oil might be procured, all unavailingly. Finally, like true American travelers, they made a wager on the matter, and as the train stopped before Burlington's big passenger station the first traveler got his mouth close to the other one's ear and whispered:

"Now, follow me. Keep your mouth shut and let me do all the talking. Don't act as if you were doing something you were ashamed of, but do just as you see me do. Don't be afraid; it's all right."

Then he led the way into the next sleeping car, stopped at about the middle seat, picked up a valise with which he appeared to be well acquainted, opened it, took out a big bottle, passed it to his acquaintance and remarked:

"Take a sniffer—it's right smooth stuff. I brought it from home with me. This is the way I always get a drink in Burlington."—*Chicago Herald.*

An Excellent Appetite.

"Your appetite is good enough. You have no reason to complain in the matter of health, Everest."

"No. You are correct," replied Everest. "I have a recipe," he added; "Sure thing every time."

"Hey? Recipe? What is it?"

"H—'m. Might tell you. Had to pay the doctor for it myself. Confidential, mind?" and Everest leaned over to whisper impressively in his friend's ear: "Two things. Make it a rule never to eat them with dinner. Consequence, always sure of a good appetite."

Everest hesitated, tilted back in his chair, and cautiously scanned his friend's feature, seemingly debating with himself whether or not to divulge his recipe.

"Well, what—what is it, you don't eat with your dinner?" inquired that gentleman, somewhat nonplussed.

Everest leaned forward and again whispered slowly and impressively in his friend's ear: "Breakfast and supper, you greenhorn!"—*Lynn Union.*

A Plain, Simple Man.

"Gentlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

The reporters, to a man, said they would.

"Then write me down as having been simply 'hanged,' not 'launched into eternity,' I'm no dude."

This request caused some consternation among the younger reporters, but they all kept their word.

Cornered.

"Say, grandma, the archbishop has taken the beretta."

"Heh?"

"The archbishop has taken the beretta."

"Took what? This weather stops my hearing all up."

"Has—taken—the—beretta."

"Oh, that's nothing, child. There ain't no danger of catchin' it way down here."—*Washington Post.*

Her Husband was a Hunter.

Lady (in butcher shop)—You can put aside about half a dozen of your plumpest partridges.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them right away?

Lady—No; my husband is out shooting partridges to-day, and he will call for them this evening.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEATING THE SHARPERS.

Comrades Who Were Too Shrewd for the Bunco Men.

Notwithstanding the popular newspaper fiction of sharpers meeting green strangers and getting hoist by their own petard, the fact is that when an expert confidence man puts his tentacles upon a "sucker" something usually comes before he lets go. The encampment here has furnished a few bona fide exceptions to the rule that are worthy of chronicling. The low fares and the presence of so vast a number of strangers have, of course, drawn a great number of sharks to San Francisco. This class is distinct from pickpockets and thieves. It is formed of confidence operators, pure and simple, prepared to fleece the Grand Army of the Republic at anything from bunko to monte. Some of them come from Chicago, some from St. Louis, and there are two or three faces on the street that are familiar to Inspector Byrnes and his detectives at New York. One of the metropolitan "outfit" was lamenting his lack of luck to a party of friend in a Kearny street sporting resort last evening.

"I had been reading up army history for about a month," he said, "and was well posted on the leading battles. You see I wanted to be able to talk to the veterans, but it turned out that it got me into a pretty tight fix. I got acquainted with an old fellow yesterday and found out that he had been in the battle of Gettysburg. I wanted to draw him into a poker game and to make myself solid, and said: 'Why, I was in that fight, too.'

"'Is that so?' he said. 'You ain't a G. A. R., are you?'

"'No,' I answered; 'I don't care to join for private reasons.'

"'So you were at Gettysburg?' the old fellow went on. 'What division, now, did you belong to?'

"'To Sickles's.'

"'Yes, yes—why, I belonged to that, too. Where were you the night after the first day's fighting?'

"'I slept in a barn on Culp's Hill,' I answered, cautiously, for I felt I was getting into deep water.

"'No!' he exclaimed. 'What kind of a looking barn was it?'

"'Well,' I said, at random, 'as near as I remember it was a small, single-story building, with one side partly blown out.'

"'No! Was there a straw-rick in it?'

"'I don't know,' I said, desperately; 'I believe there was.'

"'You don't say so?' he replied; 'and the manger busted?'

"'Yes, I think so.'

"'Was there another fellow in there with you?'

"'I think there was,' I said, like a blamed fool, not knowing what was coming.

"'You scoundrel, you!' yelled the old man, 'that was me! Give me back my wallet!'

"'What wallet?'

"'O, you know well enough! The blasted thief that slept with me that night stole my wallet and $200 in greenbacks. I've been looking for him now for 25 years. I thought I knowed you when you come up!'

"It took some of the hardest talking I ever did in my life to get rid of him. I don't want any more Grand Army in mine."

Another man is held up in the Oregon headquarters. It seems that a couple of smooth-tongued gentry fastened on to one of the veterans, and proposed to go out and see the town. He agreed, but before starting he excused himself a minute, and stated on coming back that he had left his money with a friend for safe keeping, and only taken along a few dollars. They told him it was all right if he knew where he could find his friend when he wanted him. He said he did, and the party started out. The two confidence men spent about $10 apiece entertaining the victim, and then proposed that he look up his friend, get his cash, and pay them.

"I can't get it from him to-night," said the veteran.

"Why, I thought you knew where to find him," protested one of the sharps.

"So I do," said the veteran, "but it happens to be next week, with an incredulous smile; "that'll never do in the world. Six hundred melons would cover a space as big as the floor of this car all over so you couldn't see the ground. It must be your stories that are whoppers instead of the melons."

"That shows all you know about the melon business. Of course, 600 melons would cover a piece of ground of that size all up, and a good deal more. Everybody knows that. There wouldn't be any fun in the business if they didn't. Why, sir, when I had a truck farm over in Michigan melons were dirt cheap, and it took a good deal of ingenuity to make any money out of 'em. But by a little ingenuity and close figurin' I managed to come out ahead, though the market was simply awful. My farm lay right alongside a railroad switch, and I used to have the company give me a train of box cars on that track. Then after the vines got a good start and just as my melons were about to grow—melons grow powerful fast and big out of the soil of old Michigan when they get started—I'd have my men start the vines growin' into the car doors. In three days and nights I'd have every one of them cars loaded full to the roof with nice, ripe watermelons, and all there was to do then was to hitch on an engine an' draw 'em off to market. Yes, sir, the starting up of the locomotive picked the melons, an' saved me the expense of picking and loading. Guess you never raised melons for a livin', did you, mister?"

RULES FOR RIDING.

Valuable Suggestions for Those Who Take Exercise on Horseback.

Never try to mount a horse when he is running, nor while he is rearing on his hind legs. You m

Recent Literature.

"Poor's Directory of Railway Officials and Railway Directors" is the title of a volume just issued, which contains much information of interest to many persons besides those connected with railways. It has upward of 30,000 names and addresses, including railroad officers and directors in the United States and Canada; contractors, bridge-builders and dealers in equipment or supplies, horse-railroad officials, railroad commissioners, clearing-houses, transportation companies and various associations of railroads and railroad employes, with their officers. Some information is given regarding foreign railroads. Published by H. V. and H. W. Poor, of New York. Price $2.

From J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, comes a book in paper covers entitled "Adventures of an Old Maid" which is a humorous description of the trials of one of the class of individuals referred to. It has 199 pages, and is handsomely illustrated with six new designs and a portrait of the Old Maid, and will be sent in paper cover for 25 cents, or in cloth for 50 cents, by the publishers.

"The People's Problem and Its Solution," by William H. Lynn, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, is a little book published by the author in which he presents his views of the best way to settle the labor questions which are now agitating the country. His idea is that they should be forced into politics with a definite end in view, which is to break up monopolies by placing telegraphs, railways, mines and manufactures under the control of the government, which step he claims would do away with most, if not all of the evils that now agitate the country. He would also change the present method of legislation by obliging all important laws to be submitted to the people for approval before they go into operation. This would take it out of the power of corrupt officials to vote away large sums of money, or to be bribed to aid in making disgraceful laws. The book contains many facts of importance and will be found interesting reading.

Baker & Taylor, New York, have just issued two books designed for the use of pupils in school. One is "The National Primary Speaker," made up of declamations and recitations for pupils from five to ten years of age; the other is "The National Junior Speaker," intended for the use of pupils in the same way, who are from ten to sixteen years of age. Both are compiled and edited by Oliver E. Branch, M. A., and appear to be well adapted to the purposes to which they are to be applied. The selections comprise extracts from among the very best of American and English speakers and writers.

A bright little book intended for girls from fourteen to sixteen, is "How They Learned Housework," by Christina Goodwin, issued by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Under the guise of an interesting story it gives a deal of information relative to housekeeping, or that part of housekeeping which young people are capable of taking a hand in. Four young girls form themselves into a club, and under the direction of the mother of the scheme—the mother of one of the members—enter upon the work with as much interest and enthusiasm as if it were a tennis or croquet club.

"Sir Roger De Coverley and the Spectator's Club" is number 28 of Cassell's National Library. Issued by Cassell & Company, New York. Price 10 cents.

Two pieces of music sent by Ign. Fischer, Toledo, O., are "Marche Arabesque," designed for the use of an orchestra and composed by Arthur Kortheuer, and "Valse Caprice, by J. E. Ecker, both welcome additions to the repertoire of those persons for whose use they are designed.

A temperance song and chorus dedicated to the W. C. T. U. of the United States and Canada is "No Brandee, Whiskee or Lagee." Words by S. E. Adams, music by G. W. Clark. Published by C. W. Whitney, Detroit.

The *Church Review* for August has in its table of contents the following: "The Church of Ireland;" "Courts of Appeal and the General Convention;" "The Bone subject to misconception in Egypt;" "The Conquest by Cohtor-" "Ancient Coptic Churches of [illegible] and others. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $4 a year.

Littell's Living Age for August 7th and 14th contains among other things the following: Louis Agassiz, *London Quarterly*; The Novelists and their patrons, and Pasteur, *Fortnightly*; The Primrose League, *Nineteenth Century*; The Templars, by J. A. Froude, *Good Words*; A Christening in Karpathos, *Macmillan*; The First Water-Meadow, *St. James' Gazette*; On the Variation of Climate in the Course of Time, *Nature*; with instalments of "Don Angelo's Straw," "This Man's Wife," "A Garden of Memories," and "Sainte Marie," and Poetry. Littell & Co., Boston, $8 a year fortnightly.

The August number of the *American Book Maker* has for its leading article "Some Early American Bookmakers," by Juan Pablos. "Bookbinding as an Art and an Industry," is continued, and there are many other articles of great interest to publishers etc., for whom it is intended. Published by Howard Lockwood, New York.

The Keynote of August 7 contains its usual amount of interesting reading matter. On the first page is a portrait of the late Franz Liszt, which shows the refined, intelligent face of the great pianist to good advantage. There is a sketch of his life further on. Published weekly in New York at $4 a year.

The weekly issue of *Freund's Music and Drama* for August 7 has also for its frontispiece the portrait of Franz Liszt and a very good sketch of his life. Another interesting article is "A Music Student in Germany." New York, $4 a year.

Literary Notes.

Miss Braddon's new novel, "One Thing Needful," will be issued this month.

Ouida has written a new romance, to which she has given the title of "The Story of a House Party."

Sampson Low & Co. have just issued "A Book of the Running Brook, and of Still Waters," by Lady Colin Campbell.

The late German historian, Von Ranke, in spite of his great age, walked abroad every day for two hours up to the time of his death.

An article of considerable general interest in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for August, is one by James Sully, on "Genius and Precocity."

Miss Cleveland is at work upon a new novel of Washington life, "Rex and ex-Rex." It will probably be ready for publication in the autumn.

George Saintsbury, the English critic, declares that he is almost tired of looking for the American novel in which the hero shall not be a coxcomb.

A new original poem of twelve stanzas, by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "A Word for the Navy" (1885), will shortly appear in a collection of sea songs, etc., to be published by Redway.

Roberts Bros. have just published "Golden Mediocrity," a novel by Mrs. Eugenie Hamerton, wife of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "Marcia's Opportunity," a new story for girls, by Helen Campbell.

As was naturally expected, the *Century* company will before long collect the different papers in their successful "War Series" for publication in book form. It is the present intention of the publishers to bring out the work in two volumes.

The novel that Miss Kate Feld has evolved from her studies of life in Utah among the Mormans will be of the highly realistic kind of story. The motif of the story will be to demonstrate the utter abomination of practical Mormonism.

Prince Ibrahim Hilwry, son of the ex-Khedive Ismail of Egypt, must be added to the list of regal and princely authors. He has been writing a history of "The Literature of Egypt and the Soudan," which will be published in London in two large quarto volumes.

Thomas N. Page, the author of two able stories—"Marse Chan," and "Meh Lady," the latter of which appeared in the *Century* only a few months ago—is a lawyer residing at Richmond. "He is 33 years old," says the New York *Times*, "and a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

Lord Tennyson is said to have in hand a number of new poems. The most memorable of these is a piece which may be described as a postscript to "Locksley Hall." The hero of the poem reappears as a broken-down man of 80, whose modified views about life and liberty may be taken to reflect the Laureate's own.

The *Critic* of July 17 contains a list of "a hundred and twenty-five great authors," which is intended to comprise the names of "those writers whom an English or American reader, aiming at a broad literary culture, can least well afford to leave unread." In the preparation of the list assistance and advice were received from thirty or more well known men and women, although they are not to be held responsible for the list, either as individuals or collectively. This list embraces the literature of all times and languages. The *Critic* will this week publish a list of 100 American authors who are most worthy of reading.

The Science company, 47 Lafayette Place, New York, announce that they have in press a work which will prove a valuable addition to the literature of economics. It is to be called "The Science Economic Discussion," and is to be a reprint in pamphlet form of a controversy between the adherents of the so-called new and old schools of economists, concerning the points of difference between their methods, which has been going on in the columns of the weekly paper *Science* for some months past. The disputants are Profs. H. C. Adams, Richard T. Ely, Arthur T. Hadley, E. J. James, Simon N. Patten, Edwin R. A. Seligman, Richmond M. Smith, and N. W. Taussig. The subjects of controversy are fundamental in character, and the whole is introduced by an able article from the pen of Prof. R. T. Ely. The book comprises about 150 pages, 12-mo., and should be read by every one who is interested in political science. Price 50 cents.

A ROMANCE IN TROUSERS.

A Blue Ridge Maiden Finds Her Love While Masquerading as a Man.

Among the old mountain farmers who come to Hagerstown, Maryland, every court day is Joe Simmons. When he came down this week he brought with him an odd-looking couple to be married. Joe paid the half-dollar for the license and after the ceremony by the judge that joined Lucy Danning and Michael Frome together for life the couple took ice cream at Joe's expense, and as he gazed on them admiringly from his seat on a barrel outside the refreshment saloon he told the little crowd around him the novel story of Michael and Lucy's courtship.

Lucy is 22 years old. She is about the average height, well shaped, with a sunbronzed face, large hands, black, sparkling eyes, and short, dark-brown hair. Michael is a nephew of Simmons. He is a tall, raw-boned, typical mountaineer. The novelty about Lucy is the fact that she only recently appeared in public as a woman, having always before worn the breeches and been known as Luke Danning.

She had only been wearing dresses four months when she was married. Luke, a good-looking young fellow, came to Simmons's place about a year ago and asked for work. He said he had a widowed mother to support on the south side of South Mountain.

"Bring your mother over, boy," said Simmons, and you can build a hut and work at wood-chopping when I don't want you on the farm."

Luke was industrious and daring. He was a splendid rider and a good hunter. Last winter he killed seven deer and eleven bears.

"There was always a kind of shyness about the fellow, however, that I couldn't understand," said Joe. "He never went to any of the hoe-downs with the young folks, but after work always returned home to his mother. He never associated with any of the men, excepting Michael, and he seemed to take very kindly to him. They often went hunting together. It was on one of these trips that Michael Frome was startled with the discovery that his companion was a woman.

"This was in last April. Luke's dog had treed a young squirrel in an old oak that overhung a steep cliff. The hunters had met with poor luck that day, and Luke said he would get that squirrel at all hazards. He raised his gun and banged away. Down dropped the squirrel into the ravine. It landed on a ledge about twenty feet from the almost perpendicular side of the rocks.

"Luke, with his customary daring, dropped his gun, grabbed hold of the roots of a tree and swung himself over. He stepped on a protruding boulder in his descent which slipped, and he fell. He turned over, like a cat, and struck a rock on the ledge, knocking him senseless. He had his clasp knife in hand, having just used it to cut away some bushes that impeded his descent. His arm doubled under him and the sharp knife cut him severely in the breast.

"Frome succeeded in making the descent to his injured companion. He hastily tore his companion's shirt open, and while restoring Luke to consciousness and stopping the flow of blood from the wounds Frome discovered the sex of the young hunter.

"'Well, my wife went over, and Mrs. Danning, the widow, then told how Lucy—for that was Luke's real name—hat put on boy's clothes when she was 16 years old and her father died, and told her mother that she was young and strong and could castiy pass as a boy. Her sex was suspected on the other side of the mountain where she had previously been working, and she was compelled to seek employment elsewhere.

Michael had thought a good deal of Luke, and of course he thought more of Lucy. When he saw her in skirts his friendship turned to love, and Lucy confessed to Michael that she loved him long before he knew she was a woman.

AGAINST CREMATION.

An Official Declaration from the Vatican on the Subject of Cremation.

The Holy Office has been asked by many Catholics about the cremation of the dead, a custom which is rapidly extending in Italy. The office has just rendered the following decree:

I. Is it permissible to affiliate with societies whose aim is to increase the custom of cremation of the dead?

II. Is it permissible either to have one's own body or that or any one else cremated?

The most eminent and reverend cardinal fathers, inquistors general on matters of faith, after having seriously and for a long time examined the proposed questions, and after having consulted the reverend advisors, have decided to reply:

To the first question negatively, and if the societies mentioned have any affiliation with the Masonic sect, the members will be subject to the penance inflicted upon Masons.

To the second question negatively.

Upon the report being made to our Holy Father, the Pope Leo XIII., his holiness has approved and confirmed the resolutions of the most eminent fathers, and has decreed that they shall be transmitted to rectors of parishes, that in order they shall take pains to instruct the faithful concerning this culpable abuse in burning the human body, and in order that they shall turn from it the flocks entrusted to their care.

Missing a Chance.

"John," said the wife of a Dakota settler when he came home from a trip to town, "old Bill is dead at last."

"Well, that's good—I 'lowed when I turned him out in the pasture the other day that if he didn't die 'fore winter I'd have to shoot him. It don't pay to keep a hoss when it gets as old and feeble as he was. He 'peared extra weak this mornin'."

"Oh, he didn't die that way—some Chicago hunters came along and shot him by mistake."

"Shot him, hey! Well, that's blame' smart! How much did you get for him?"

"Why, I told 'em it was all right, that we wanted him to die."

"Great thunder, woman, don't you know nothin? Why in blazes didn't you tell 'em he was our family bugged hoss, and worth $1500 Great snakes! it seems as if women never had no bus'ness 'bout 'em anyhow! You might just as well of told 'em that he was a blooded hoss, and that yer husband was county sheriff, and got a hundred dollars of good, honest money!"—*Estelline Bell.*

Some of the Secrets of Success in Business Exposed.

The law governing success in any business, says a teacher of metaphysics, is as accurate in its working as is that of attraction of gravitation. It seems an application of the same law. It is the mental condition acting as a real magnet, which attracts whatever brings to you success or failure. Make up your mind that you will have a front seat in life and you attract to you the powers that carry you to the front seat. If (in mind) you take the back seat, you get only the back seat. The confident, determined mood of mind, steadily kept up, brings to you other confident people. Confidence in the business world means both cash and credit. There is not half money enough in this country for doing its daily business. What is lacking in coin and bank notes is made up by men's names written on bits of paper promising to pay certain sums in a certain time.

That Terrible Drain

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

HIGHER PRICES.

The Century's Rise in Wages—Something for the Farmers to Read.

Discussing wages, in one of his lectures before the students of Harvard University, Prof. Thompson gives many facts of curious interest.

In 1793 the Schuylkill & Susquehanna Canal company advertised for workmen, offering $5 a month for the winter months, and $6 for summer, with board and lodging. The next year there was a debate in the House of Representatives which brought out the fact that soldiers got but $3 a month. A Vermont member, discussing the proposal to raise it to $4, said that in his state men were hired for £18 a year, or $4 a month, with board and clothing. Mr. Wadsworth, of Pennsylvania, said: "In the states north of Pennsylvania the wages of the common laborer are not, upon the whole, superior to those of the common soldier."

In 1797 a Rhode Island farmer hired a good farm hand at $3 a month; and $5 a month was paid to those who got employment for the eight busy months of the farmer's year. A strong boy could be had at that time in Connecticut at $1 a month through those months; and he earned it by working from daybreak until 8 or 9 o'clock at night. He could earn a coarse cotton shirt with the earnings of three such months. The farmers could pay no better, for the price they got for produce was wretched. Butter sold at eight cents a pound, and when it rose suddenly to ten cents, several farmers' wives and daughters went out of their mind with the excitement. Women picked the wool off the bushes and briars, where the sheep had left it, and spun and knit it into mittens to earn $1 a year by this toilsome business. They hired out as help for 25 cents a month and their board. By a day's hard work at the spinning-wheel, a woman and girl together could earn twelve cents. As late as 1851 the best farm hands could be had for 25 cents a day, or twice as much in mowing time.

Mathew Carey, in his "Letters on the Charities of Philadelphia" (1829), gives a painful picture of the working classes at that time. Every avenue to employment was choked with applicants. Men left the cities to find work on the canals at from sixty to seventy-five cents a day, and to encounter the malaria which laid them low in numbers. The highest wages paid to women was twenty-five cents a day, and even the women who made clothes at the arsenal were paid by the government at no higher rates. When the ladies of the city begged for an improvement of this rate the secretary hesitated, lest it should disarrange the relations of capital and labor throughout the city! Poor people died of cold and want every winter in the city, and the fact seems to have made an impression only on benevolently disposed persons like Mr. Carey.

A Girl, a Dog, and An Alligator.

One sultry afternoon, a young daughter of an aristocratic Southerner, in the lower part of Alabama, took a towel and soap and went to a cool and shady pool, formed by a creek which emptied into the Alabama river. After she had sported in the waters for half an hour or more she half-roled herself and crawled into a hammock; swinging partly over the water, and with one foot hanging daintily over the water a few inches, she fell asleep. Presently a large Newfoundland dog stepped out from the bushes, sneit at his mistress, wagged his tail in pleasure, and lay down at the foot of the tree.

In half an hour a splashing was heard in the creek further off and presently huge waves broke the cove, and the waters, disturbed and rolling, made a noise that caught the dog's attention. A second or two later and the ugly nose of an alligator appeared above the water a few feet off from the foot of the sleeping girl. The hungry beast saw the tempting and dainty morsel, and his greedy eyes sparkled in anticipation. He made toward it with mouth open, teeth gleaming and eyes afire. The faithful dog saw the peril of his mistress and with one wild bark that awakened the quiet echoes of the woods, hurled himself full at the throat of the alligator. The dog's warning caused the girl to jerk up her foot, but the dog and alligator met in a deadly struggle. They reared as they met, and the girl was thrown from the hammock to the bank, but the gallant dog went for that 'gator, and having a good hold on him he didn't care to turn loose. They were first in the water, then on the bank, and the struggle went on, while the girl's screams soon brought her assistance. The 'gator was finally killed, and measured seven and a half feet in length.

The girl says she loves to swim, but never goes in a larger pool now than can get in a tub, and sees that the water is strained before it goes there.

Longfellow's Birthday Book

is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretensions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on diseases of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

What Will Happen to Girls.

Of thirty-nine girls, in ten years fifteen will be married.

In ten years more seven of the fifteen will be widows, dependent upon their own exertions for bread and meat.

In ten years fifteen of the remaining twenty-four will be sleeping beneath the sod. And how far apart they will be sleeping! One in Georgia, one in California, one in Ohio, one in Virginia, another, perhaps, in a missionary's grave in China, another amid the ashes of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, another—but only time will tell where they all will sleep.

In ten years the nine that I have not yet mentioned will begin to lose their sweetness, and develop something of the sourness supposed to be inseparable from women destined for old maids.

In ten years not one of the 39 but will have tasted of the bitterness that comes in time to all human beings. Hope will be blighted, loved ones will be claimed by that same skeleton you beheld just now, sorrow in a hundred forms will be experienced—indeed, to every one a surfeit of dead sea fruit will be offered.

Felt Encouraged.

"Hello, Harry, where have you been?"

"Just been down to see my girl's father, and asked him if I might marry her."

"Why, that's the third time you've been to see the old man on that errand."

"Yes."

"Did you get any encouragement?"

"Lots of it. The first time I went to see the old gentleman he called in a servant and had me thrown out. The second time he told me I was an impertinent scoundrel, and showed me the door himself. Quite a concession, wasn't it? Well, when I went to see him to-day he said he couldn't think of letting his daughter marry me, and I might as well give him a rest."

"Was that all?"

"Yes, I feel greatly encouraged. I think we'll get married about Christmas."

A Friend of the Family.

The desirability of a permanent and effective remedy in the household for cases of croup, scarlet fever, asthma, hey-fever, insomnia and sore throat will be admitted by everybody. Such a remedy exists in Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen, which is made by them and dispensed from 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., to almost every part of the world. Of this fact *Elmer E. Burlingame*, of Elmira, N. Y., wrote September, 14, 1885: "I know Compound Oxygen to be worthy of the highest praise, having used two Treatments of it in my family during the past year with wonderful results." Complete information as to the methods of Treatment, and the highest testimonials may be obtained free by any applicant.

From a Saratoga Letter.

It has been a week to draw out the thinnest dresses. It has been a week to show beautiful necks and well rounded arms, and the ladies have improved it. Year after year our Saratoga women grow larger and stouter. They fill out their dresses as if they had been melted and poured into them. There are 300 women at the States who weigh over 200 pounds each. All the thin dresses fit like gloves. When I asked a handsome lady why our women are growing so much stouter she said:

"It is because we are happy. Our American husbands are good to us. Our minds are at ease. We are not nervous. We feel well and are contented. We just naturally get stout.

"I keep my wife happy," said a Chicago husband, "to make her look handsome. It is cheaper to keep her looking plump and handsome with kindness than to make her handsome with expensive clothes."

If all husbands were as wise as the Chicago man how much happiness would be added to the world, and how many more beautiful women there would be.

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

HE DEFIED THE DEITY.

A Story of a Boastful Physician's Humiliation and Bereavement.

A gentleman residing in Middletown, who was visiting in Sullivan county last week, was attracted by eight headstones in a little grass-grown cemetery, near Fallsburg, all of which stood in a row and were exactly alike. He got out of his wagon to look at them, and found that they were all children of a well known physician, and that all were grown when stricken down, and that the dates on the headstones showed that the first one died November 23, 1861, and the other seven between that date and December 15 following, or that the entire family of eight children had died within eight weeks.

When speaking of the matter to friends that day, he was told the history of the case, which is regarded in that neighborhood as a visitation of Providence in punishment for defiance of the Deity.

The story as told is that in 1861 there was a scourge of diptheria in that neighborhood, and the physician was kept busy treating patients suffering from that disease. He was very successful, and gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and went so far that he "defied God Almighty to produce a case of diptheria he could not cure." In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and although he exercised his skill to the utmost, having not only professional pride but a father's love to urge him to do his best, his boy grew worse and died. One after another his children sickened and died, until all were gone, and laid side by side in the little graveyard near Falls burgh. But one child was left, a married daughter, but in a few weeks she, too, was stricken down and became a victim to the dread disease.—*Middletown, N. Y., Argus.*

American Girl's Expressions.

Our fellow travelers were all of the opulent class, going to amuse themselves at seaside resorts, and we sat in a drawing-room car. A young lady, perfect in dress and dainty of figure, exactly one of the stylish creatures pointed out by Americans with pride upon Regent street and the Boulevard des Italiens as one of their compatriots, made a remark audible to all in her neighborhood. She was perhaps a graduate of Vassar, certainly of some first-class finishing school, who had probably made the grand tour; for her gibcier was embroidered "Nice" and her novel was of Octave Feuillet. "I just lay back and yelled!" remarked this Daisy Miller.

Only that very morning we stood upon the veranda of a mountain hotel. Two elegant matrons chatted together. Remarked one: "I've just left the child with the nurse, yelling and howling like all possessed!"

Remarked Johannes Taurus: "This habit of yelling and howling seems a very common practice among American ladies and children. Can it be the war whoop of your aboriginal predecessors upon your native soil handed down as an American ear mark? I was once a guest at an elegant soiree in an Illinois town of 10,000 inhabitants. The house was sumptuous, so was the hostess, so the guests. At supper the charming daughter remarked to me: 'Mr. Taurus, if you don't see what you want, just yell for it!' Then there was that pretty Philadelphia bride who told us how horribly embarrassed she felt in going into church to be married, two weeks before.

"'I told Ned I knew I could not do it,' she prattled, 'I knew that when the clergyman came to the word 'obey' I should roar right out, and if I didn't roar I should 'squall.'"

"'Did you roar or did you squall?' asked Johannes.

"'Neither,' answered the lovely girl. 'I waited until we returned to the carriage and then just howled!'"

Little Ones.

Helen, 4 years and 6 months old, was taken by her parents to ride on a donkey in Central Park. She was very timid, but as her younger sister showed no fear Helen did not like to seem lacking in courage. Finally, as the donkey boy made the animal go faster, she said: "You need not go so fast; you must consider the donkey."

Four-year-old Belle had been watching Tom, the cat, squeeze through a very small hole under the house. "Oh, mamma," she said, "you ought to have seen Tom. He just mashed and went under."

At the recent presiding elders' convention in New York a member narrated a tale of two boys in his district: A donkey was passing by. Said one boy to another: "Do you know what that is?" "Why, yes," he answered. "That is a donkey. We have seven lots of them in Brookyn gardens."

Child (about to be spanked)—Oh, mamma, dear! do wait till winter; it makes me so warm in summer!

English school board education continues to yield curious results. The latest is this: In answer to the question put by the diocesan inspector "Describe the effects of the proceedings under Queen Mary," the glib answer was reeled off: "Many of the bishops were deprived of their sees." One of the managers, however, asked the meaning of the statement. After a long pause one boy put up his hand and said: "Had their eyes put out!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Lamont Again Narrowly Escapes.

"Daniel," said the President, as he laid down his morning paper.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, quietly.

"Were you aware that two Buffalo men had gone safely through the whirlpool at Niagara?"

"Yes, sire."

"The Buffalo man, Daniel, may, I think, be considered reliable in getting there. Eh, Daniel? Eh?" and the President chuckled with a deep-seated chuckle and nudged Daniel in the ribs.

"I think it was largely due to accident, sire."

"Daniel?" and there was inquiry, warning, pain, doubt and threatening in that one word, and it pierced Daniel to the heart.

"Oh, sire," he cried, falling on his knees, "a thousand pardons. I referred entirely to going through the rapids at Niagara. You know me too well, sire, to harbor a suspicion that anything else was in my mind."

But the President made no reply: he sat with his chin resting on his hand and there was that look in his face which spoke unutterable things.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. For Overworked Professional Men.

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

Say You Had Been Drinking.

She met him at the door. That is, she opened the door after she had listened for five minutes to strange noises all around it.

"Curious," he said, as it opened, when his dim conciousness gave light enough to tell him he had not found the key-hole. "Curious; must see about this. Didn't know this door had a secret spring. Must have blocked it by accident."

"I'm the spring," she said.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," he sang gayly as he put his arm around a light-colored portiere and tried to kiss a part of the pattern.

"John," she said, "I'm ashamed of you. You'll break my heart."

"Don't break it here, might spoil the carpet, dear."

"What would you say if I came home in such a condition!"

"Say? say? Why, my dear, I'd say you had been drinking."

A Healthy Body and a Clear Head.

If indigestion, constipation and biliousness torment the body, the head cannot be clear. These disorders react upon the brain most hurtfully, and produce a cloudiness in the organ of thought not experienced by a healthy man. Happily these brain-oppressing maladies may be entirely dispelled by that peerless alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cheers, refreshes and invigorates the brain and nerves, while it regulates the organs of digestion, assimilation and bilious secretion. It expels the morbid humors which poison the system through the bowels and urinary passages, and exerts a powerful invigorating influence as well. Its cathartic action is never irritating, violent or painful, but even, natural and progressive. As an appetizer and sleep promoter the Bitters is unrivalled; it mitigates the infirmities of age, relieves the ailments peculiar to the gentler sex, arrests premature decay, and builds up an enfeebled physique.

Shadows on the Rail.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of the railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad last night. "All engineers dread moonlight nights. They try the nerves to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the dark across the track he sees is a man or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

EVERYBODY has his limitations, so far as the operations of his intellect are concerned, but sometimes these are found to be far beyond those which people have drawn for him, and in which he has quietly acquiesced, or which modesty or lack of opportunity has made him draw for himself. A case in point is that of the novelist E. W. Howe, who has blossomed into publicity within the last year or two. He is the editor and proprietor of a Kansas newspaper, which is fairly prosperous. "The Story of a Country Town," that won him recognition as a literary man, was begun with no thought of publication, but simply to give expression to what was within him. It was finally published, and the pleasant reception it met with was a real surprise to the author. Personally, he is said to be an interesting man, of decided individuality, with a tendency to cynicism, which lies near the surface, but candot be found in the gulches of his deeper nature. He says wisely that he does not look to literature for pecuniary reward. That he expects to get out of his newspaper, which enables him to support the luxury of careful composition when the mood is favorable."

WHILE many people are underestimated always, sometimes never discovering their own powers or making them known to the world, there is a class who are regarded with an admiration infinitely beyond their deserts. With a very ordinary intellect and very ordinary work, they yet manage to wield an influence and win a name which are marvels to the unbiased looker on. In many cases this results from the possession of two qualities: tact and determined will. The first shows them when and where to strike a telling blow in their own interests, and the other pushes them through all obstacles that might hinder their advancement. As a consequence, they ride on a bubble of glory, which no one feels like pricking, however convinced they are that it could be easily done.

"I KNOW that article was written by S. I can't be mistaken in his style." It was just exactly what the speaker was mistaken about. S. did not write it, had never seen it until it was in the paper. There is nothing about which people are more apt to flatter themselves than the "keen critic's eye" that enables them always to distinguish the work of a favorite or noted writer, and nothing in which they can be easier deceived. An Eastern journal once advertised that the services of a brilliant journalist had been secured at a large sum, to furnish it with a weekly article in a certain line in which he had won celebrity. So it had, but it happened that the journalist was prevented from carrying out the agreement, for a time covering several weeks. It would be a pecuniary loss to the publishers to have the fact known. The trouble was finally tided over by an attache of the paper a bright young fellow, who imitated the style so cleverly as to deceive at first even the managing editor of the paper, and the public never dreamed of the deception.

IT only goes to show how fallible is the human judgment. It is not best to be too certain about anything in this world. The longer we live, the stronger becomes his consciousness that it is the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken. Of course there are those pig-headed people, who keep their eyes fixed upon the tips of their noses, and see nothing at the right or the left. They go through the world affirming this and denying that with an emphasis that, one would think, a higher power to use. Nothing could change, or convince them that their way is not *the* way of all others, and they will persist in having it, no matter how plain it is to all others that they are wrong. That sort of people are not pleasant to be with for any great length of time. No one likes to have his opinion perpetually ignored.

OF course an individual must be firm enough in his beliefs and opinions, to give him courage in his convictions. Shillyshally people amount to but little and are about as pleasant to deal with as a quicksand is to walk over. They are always giving away when you most need their assistance and support. They are moved about with every breath of influence from those near them, consequently you are never able to know where they are to be found when wanted. But there is a happy medium which it should be our aim to reach, one which does not involve being like the traditional zwelfth cousin, or one who thinks the other eleven tremendously obstinate, neither so vacillating that no one can have any confidence in your purposes and intentions.

How to coax money out of the pockets of the masculines is a problem that occupies the heads of the fair sex, when some charitable object is in contemplation. The cry is always for something new, something out of the ordinary, which will please either through its novelty or because it appeals to a sense of the ludicrous. A recent and very popular feature of bazaars, which has been copied from parties under the name of "rainbow," is the following, that the Salad-server gives for the benefit of Toledo ladies: A certain number of ladies, presumably those noted for beauty, accomplishments, etc., wear aprons of different colors. These aprons are numbered. Tickets with numbers corresponding are sold to any one of the sterner sex who chooses to buy them, and then the purchaser of each ticket goes hunting around after the apron which bears the number of his ticket. He is expected to pay a second price for the apron, which he can give back to the pretty wearer or take home as a present to some one of the femininres there. Whether the possession of the ticket corresponding to the apron gives the purchaser any especial claim upon the fair damsel herself, deponent saith not.

WHAT'S in a name? Apparently, not much, and yet, it is said by publishers, that books often depend for success or popularity upon a taking title. After all, we would rather be called by some soft musical name, than be saddled from birth by Abigail, Sophronisbe, Ajax, or Ambadab. Even these are by no means so bad as some which have been given in good faith to a helpless little one, because his father or grandfather had been tortured in the same way before him. The world is full of pleasant cognomens, then why perpetuate some monstrosity in the shape of a family name, which has nothing to recommend it except that it is an antique?

HAPPY is he who can sip the froth from the beaker, and mould herself to satisfy another's ideal. All women are not so plastic. These are the ones to be pitied. Men, who should by reason of the many women sacrificed to their pleasure and selfishness, be kindest, are most unkind. Balzac, the wretch, flouts the sex in saying "woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves." If Balzac's friends had worn shoulder-reachers at five and six dollars a pair, it is possible he would have had less reason to complain of the fickle nature of the fair.

THE man whose intellectual capacity is above the average reality is limited in his range by his own mental exclusiveness. He is conscious of finding enjoyment only in the higher classes of literature, or in the companionship of the higher order of minds. To these he limits his range. But he finds in time that he has thereby cut off a thousand sources of suggestions. He has isolated himself from the common voices of life, and broken the circuit that connects him with humanity.

IN America, nobody lives and nothing is done in a symmetrical manner, and the best civilizations have failed to develop mind and body harmoniously. To-day, the tendency, especially among children, is too much intellectual work, not because the brain is too sensitive, but because body and brain are not made to grow together.

THE Salad-mixer never met but one woman who was satisfied with her sex. All the rest longed to be men. And it is not strange they are dissatisfied. The majority of women do have a hard time of it. Men cannot understand, even though they love her. She is called capricious, fickle, heartless, when her very being teems with love and devotion. Man's nature, in ordinary, is not fine enough to know her, and so thousands of women go through life constantly looking for an idol that has never been carved.

THERE is so much good sense in these suggestions from the Boston *Traveller* that the Salad-mixer appropriates them without explanation or any quotation marks. Don't keep accumulations with the vague feeling that sometime they may be wanted. Most of us have quantities of half-worn garments, piles of old magazines, books in miscellaneous collection, and all sorts of accumulations in garret and closet and storeroom, that are of no possible immediate use, and yet are too good to throw away. Now, there is a place for each article of this sort, be it book, or half-worn garment or out-of-date periodical. Beside the valuable service all reading matter will do in our various hospitals, there are the asylums for the destitute, where clothing of all kinds can be utilized, and most of us are poor, indeed, in objects of human sympathy and interest, if we do not know of individual needs that these accumulations could gratify. Before the season opens again, let us see to it that we have a new order of house-cleaning, and appropriate every superfluous article to the place where it can do the most good!

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

AT GETTYSBURG.

REV. JOEL SWARTZ.

The winds have blown the clouds away,
And now we see the *Blue* and *Gray*
Are met at Gettsburg to-day.

From North and South the heroes come,
Not to the rolling af the drum;
Thank God, that dreadful din is done.

They come to mark the field and fray,
And yet an olive branch to lay
Where swell the mounds of kindred clay.

Mark how their manly bosoms swell,
As, here and there, they halt to tell
How some brave comrade fought and fell!

How, here and there, the ranks defiled,
Where War's sulphureous whirlwind wild
The dead in ghastly windrows piled!

Thus o'er the long-drawn lines they ride,
The peaceful colors side by side,
Where once the ground was crimson dyed.

No word revives the old debate,
For cooled are now the wrath and hate
Which burned along these hills of late.

They feel that God hath judged their cause;
Now Union strong with Freedom's laws
Across these hills its fetters draws.

And years shall but their strength increase,
As hate and strife on earth shall cease,
And wider reigns the Prince of Peace.
—*Grand Army Review.*

Splinters Gathered Up.

The annual reunion of Co. M, 24 O. H. Art. will be held at Lakeview Park, Conneaut, O., August 24, 25, 26 and 27.

G. K. Curtis, Co. G, 47th Wis. Vols., of Hurricane Grove, Wis., says: I would like to have some of the 188th Ohio boys tell who paid for the codfish, and who run Dudley into the old cellar. I know who played the trick on our sutler, and would like to know where the boy is that got the money out of the rat pile, who milked the rebs' cows at Tullahoma, Tenn., and who gave three pecks of milk a day, a right smart chance.

Comrade James E. Taylor, is now engaged on an important picture, the Battle of Atlanta, the crowning glory of Sherman's great march to the sea, on a commission from Gen. John W. Fuller, formerly colonel of the 27th Ohio, the man who repulsed Rogers at Robinette. The incident seized for representation is where his brigade was re-formed just after repulsing Clebarne's attack at the time when Gen. McPherson was killed.

Capt. Jack Adams, formerly of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the present sergeant-at-arms of the state legislature, has a keen sense of humor, and can appreciate anything that has even 40 per cent. of a joke about it. One afternoon during the dark days of the late civil war the captain was walking along a lonely road in Virginia, some distance from the camp, when a peculiar noise in an adjacent field attracted his attention. In double time he arrived upon the scene. There lay the carcass of a fine "muthrigadier;" and standing over

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but not published, when specially requested, except by permission.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of a personal character, requests for information regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Cricket.

B. G. N., Auburn, Tenn.:

For the benefit of your readers who never saw the game we will say that cricket is played

The game is played upon a level piece of turf, generally about one or two acres in extent. In a full game, there are eleven players on each side; and two bats, a ball, and two sets of wickets, with bails, are required. There must also be two umpires and two scorers. Although an ordinary game is usually with eleven on each side, there is no restriction as to numbers; the parties may be eight or eleven against seven, or two, two against twenty, etc. When a game is about to be played, the wickets or stumps are placed opposite to each other, three on either side, at a distance of twenty-two yards. Each wicket is composed of three stumps, fixed about above ground, and the three are connected at the top by two loose bails, four inches long each. Two lines are then drawn upon the grass at either end, which first is in line with the stumps, and is called the "bowling-crease;" the other is parallel, four feet in front of the wicket, and is called the "popping-crease. Having chosen sides and tossed for innings, the players on the side which is not taking their places. The bowler places himself behind the wicket from which he intends to bowl, and the wicket-keeper directly behind the wicket opposite to him. The other players on the same side are called in-fielders, and consist of the long-stop, point, cover-point, short-slip, long-slip, middle-wicket, long-field on, long-field on, and leg. All the in-fielders, except their places, the players on the inside send out two batsmen, who take up their posts before each wicket respectively. One of the umpires then calls "play!" and the bowler delivers the ball overhand, endeavoring to cause it to pass between either to hit the wickets or to bowl it in such a way that the batsman may play a catch. In either of these cases the striker is out. But if the batsman can manage to keep the ball at such a distance that he is able to exchange places with the opposite batsman, he scores one run to his side. Every time an exchange of places safely occurs, a run is scored for the batting side. Moreover, the delivery of every four balls constitutes an "over," when the bowling is transferred to the opposite wicket, and all the fielders change their positions accordingly. When the batsman strikes the ball, he endeavors on his side to make a place, and so on, till all the players but one are put out, when those who have had their innings field out, and those who have fielded take their innings. Each side has two innings, and the party that makes the largest score wins the game. There are several stringent laws with regard to the bowling. It is the bowler's duty to call "no ball" if the pitch of the "popping-crease" at the opposite wicket, it is called a "wide ball," and scores one to the inside. The bowler must also deliver the ball within the limits of the "bowling-crease;" the ball must be bowled, and not thrown or jerked, and the bowler must not raise his hand or arm above his shoulder in delivering the ball. An infraction of these rules constitutes a "no ball," which scores one to the batting side. There are many other laws of cricket, which have lately been revised. No game tends more to the development of muscular strength and activity than cricket.

Coal on Steamships.

J. C. R., Morrison, Iowa.:

How much coal does it take per day to run an ocean steamer?

The amount of coal used by the Atlantic steamers depends on several things—the size of vessels, rate of speed, class of boiler used, number of boilers, engine, etc. Late improvements in the marine steam engines, especially the introduction of what is known as the compound engine, have accomplished a very great saving in the average amount of fuel used. To particular, the following facts may be quoted: The paddle-wheel steamer Scotia, of the Cunard line, put afloat in 1862 and at that date regarded as the finest and fastest in the service, requires skill, a vessel having a midship section of 841 square feet, consumed 160 tons of coal per day, or 1,000 tons on the ten days' passage between New York and Liverpool. The City of Berlin, one of the vessels of the White Star line, put afloat in 1869, and having a midship section of 909 square feet, consumed 95 tons per day, or 950 tons during the passage. The Spain, of nearly the same dimensions, built and launched in 1871, with compound machinery and the largest vessel on the Atlantic, having a length of 425 feet 6 inches on the load line, beam moulded, 45 feet, draft, 30 feet 6 inches, and 5,491 tons burden, consumed September with 53 tons of coal per day, or 530 tons on the ten days' run. All these three vessels had the same average speed, and only a small percentage of the gain in fuel consumption is due to the finer lines and proportions and therefore better sailing quality of the later constructed vessels. Still another recent instance is given of a steamer having a length of 485 feet, beam of 52 feet, forty tons of coal per day. The four-cylinder compound engines of the White Star Line use more coal per day, but make faster average trips, so that the aggregate is the same for that of the same relation of average power per tonnage. To illustrate even more forcibly the success of modern improvements in utilizing the power of coal, we may mention an instance in part in which we record in 1885, not one of the first-class steamers, trimly built with especial reference to making good speed, but a large vessel, constructed particularly for the economical carrying of freight, was the steamer Burgos, which left England for China with a cargo weighing 5,000,000 pounds. During the first part of the voyage, from Plymouth to Alexandria, the consumption of coal was 28.2 pounds per ton for a distance being 3,380 miles; the consumption per mile, therefore, only 83.5 pounds, and the consumption per ton of cargo per mile 0.028 pound; in other words, the consumption was only one cent's worth of cargo a mile. This is recorded as the most successful instance yet known of utilizing the energy of fuel in transportation.

The Loadstone.

Ruby, Frankstown, Kan.:

I would like to have the BLADE tell all about the loadstone.

The loadstone or magnet is a kind of iron ore which possesses the property of attracting to itself metallic iron, a property which was known to man from the earliest times, and the name magnet was given to the ore by the Greeks, because it was found in Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The magnet is developed in its natural state by the delivery of every four balls constitutes an "over," when the bowling is transferred to the opposite wicket, and all the fielders change their positions accordingly. When the batsman strikes the ball, he endeavors on his side to make a place, and so on, till all the players but one are put out, when those who have had their innings field out, and those who have fielded take their innings. Each side has two innings, and the party that makes the largest score wins the game. There are several stringent laws with regard to the bowling. It is the bowler's duty to call "no ball" if the pitch of the "popping-crease" at the opposite wicket, it is called a "wide ball," and scores one to the inside. The bowler must also deliver the ball within the limits of the "bowling-crease;" the ball must be bowled, and not thrown or jerked, and the bowler must not raise his hand or arm above his shoulder in delivering the ball. An infraction of these rules constitutes a "no ball," which scores one to the batting side. There are many other laws of cricket, which have lately been revised. No game tends more to the development of muscular strength and activity than cricket.

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Standard Time.

R. H. A., Bruce, Dak.:

Please explain all about railroad or standard time, and state when adopted.

What is known as the new standard time" was established by agreement by all the principal railroads of the United States at 12 o'clock noon on Nov. 18, 1883. The system divides the continent into five longitudinal belts, and fixes a meridian of time for each belt. These meridians are fifteen degrees of longitude, corresponding to one hour of time apart. Eastern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia use the 60th meridian; the Canadas, New England, the Middle States, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and the 75th meridian, which is that of Philadelphia; the states of the Mississippi Valley, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, the westward including Texas, Kansas, and the larger part of Nebraska, and Dakota use the 90th meridian, which is that of New Orleans. The territories to the western border of Arizona and Montana go by the time of the 105th meridian, which is that of Denver; and the Pacific states employ the 120th meridian. The time divisions are known as intercolonial time, eastern time, central time, mountain time, and Pacific time. A traveler passing from one time belt to another will find his watch an hour too fast or too slow according to the direction in which he is going. All points in any time division using the time of the meridian must set their time-pieces faster or slower than the one inducted by the sun, according as their position is east or west of the line. This change of system reduced the time standards used by the railroads from fifty-three to five, a great convenience to the railroads and to the traveling public. The suggestion leading to the adoption of this new system originated with Prof. Abbe, of the Signal Bureau at Washington, and was elaborated by Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College, New York. The scheme was proposed in 1878, but was not adopted until it had been submitted to a number of scientific associations at home and abroad and received their approval.

Calico.

J. H. M., Farmdale, Ky.:

1. Give the derivation of the word calico. 2. Is is true that the laws of England at one time prohibited the wearing of printed calico?

1. There is a town in India, in the province of Malabar, the territory of which was given, centuries ago, by the first monarch of that province, to one of his chiefs. He gave to that chief his sword, with all the land in the limits of which a cock crowing at a small temple could be heard. This formed the original dominion of the Tamuri, to whose ancestor it was given, and was called Colicode, or the cock-crowing. It came afterwards to be called Calicut, where large quantities of cotton goods were manufactured, and were imported into England under the name of Calico. This word is applied to white cotton cloth in England. 2. Yes. The introduction of calico into England encountered a great opposition from the silk weavers, who often assailed in a riotous manner the East India house because the company imported the chintzes of Malabar. The government yielded to the remonstrances of the silk trade, imposed heavy duties on Indian calico, and afterwards prohibited the importation altogether. In the year 1720 the wearing of all printed calico whatsoever was prohibited by law, passed in order to quiet the clamor of the woolen and silk manufacturers. Ten years later Parliament permitted the manufacture and wearing of printed cloth made of cotton weft and linen warp, imposing on it a duty of sixpence the square yard. In 1774, after a most expensive application to Parliament, cloth made entirely of cotton was allowed to be printed under certain burdensome restrictions. Calico printing in England continued to be the subject of oppressive laws till the year 1831, when they were all repealed.

Drinking and Smoking.

M. A. H., Fremont, Ia.:

Give figures showing the increase in consumption of beer, whisky and tobacco the past 50 years, and an estimate of the cost to the people of the United States for these articles.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has been investigating the subject, with the following result:

From the internal revenue report it appears that the consumption of beer increased 1,524,980 barrels. The consumption of 1885 was greater than ever before, and, adding the officially reported figures, it appears that no less than 642,000,000 gallons of beer were consumed last year. The population is over 60,000,000, but the consumption for the year ending June 30 must be reckoned upon the average population for that year, which was about 59,257,000. On that basis the consumption of beer appears to have been 10.85 gallons for every inhabitant, babies included. Considering that a large part of the population does not consume beer at all, this seems to imply an enormous consumption to those who do, and yet, since those who use beer at all certainly consume as much as half a pint daily, they would at that rate get away with 23 gallons each. Apparently the consumption is about equivalent to a pint a day for half the adult population.

The increase in the consumption of whisky was 1,606,108 gallons, which makes the consumption for the year 70,763,010 gallons, or 1.19 gallons per capita. That is much more than the increase in population, but is a blessing, the fiscal years 1878 and 1879, when the tax was the same that it is now, but it is much below the consumption of 1883 or 1884, when the quantity reached 1.42 gallons per capita. Fifteen years ago, when the tax was only 50 cents per gallon, the consumption ranged between 1½ and 2 gallons per capita.

Snuff-using, it may be remarked, is on the decline, the consumption in the year ended last year then the year before. But the consumption of manufactured tobacco for smoking and chewing increased 11,010,574 pounds, reaching 191,923,663 pounds, or 3.22 pounds per capita, which is considerably in excess of the consumption in any previous year. Prior to 1870 the quantity consumed was from 1 to 2 pounds; in 1870 it rose to 2.25, and until 1879 averaged about 2.50; then it rose in 1880 to 2.75, in 1882 to 3.06, and has been above 3 pounds ever since.

The number of cigars consumed increased last year 344,425,855, making a total consumption of 3,519,372,559, or 59.2 per capita. Just twenty years ago the consumption was 10.2 yearly; in 1870 it rose to 50; in 1875 to 52.6, the first mention in the reports, little with the head time to 40.5 in 1878 but in 1880 it rose to 51.6, reaching 61.3 in 1884, and declined to 58.2 in 1885, but has now risen again to 59.2. Of the 3,519,372,559 cigars manufactured, no doubt less physicians may have something to say, but a considerable increase in the use of tobacco in other forms is evidently prevented by the manufacture and use of cigarettes, so rather that chewing is beneficial to health or not.

It remains to add that, supposing cigars to average only five cents each, and cigarettes 20 cents a package, tobacco $1 per pound in retail quantities, and snuff 50 cents, the 191,923,663 pounds of leaf tobacco, 3,519,372,559 cigars, 344,425,855 cigarettes, 7,000,000 pipes, 1,000,000 cigar holders, 1,000,000 snuff boxes, 1,000,000 tobacco pouches, 1,000,000 pocket flasks, 1,000,000 pocket knives, 1,000,000 pocket matches, 1,000,000 pocket combs, 1,000,000 pocket mirrors, 1,000,000 pocket handkerchiefs, 1,000,000 pocket books, 1,000,000 pocket pencils, 1,000,000 pocket pens, 1,000,000 pocket pens, 1,000,000 pocket pens

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE weekly reports to the mercantile agencies are very favorable. The volume of sales of merchandise exceeds the totals in August in preceding years. The frequent rains by improving the crop prospects, have given business a boom in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, and the country merchants have begun buying more freely. Another significant feature of business improvement is the fact that the enormous bank surplus in all financial centers has been absorbed, and money is scarce. This shows that capital is in demand to meet the requirements of increasing business. The business boom is at our doors, and all that is needed is that every one shall recognize this fact and act accordingly.

CROP advices have been more favorable nearly all sections, in consequence of more or less abundant rains, and more favorable estimates of the corn, cotton and tobacco crops are entertained. Corn estimates now fall between 1,551 and 1,650 million bushels, and cotton estimates between 6 and 6½ million bales. The former are 250 to 350 million bushels and the latter 550 to 700 thousand bales below full averages.

DURING the past week, wheat has gained a further advance in American and European markets, and the undertone of the general market is steadily increasing. The European crop is estimated at a shortage of 20 per cent as compared with a good average, or 250,000,000 bushels; the India crop is likely to furnish about the same surplus for export as last year, and Australia will furnish none. The aggregate supply on both hemispheres is probably about 275,000,000 bushels off, against which there is a greater or less offset in the increased production of rye in Europe and possibly of the minor cereals. It is an encouraging fact in this connection that considerably more than half the Asian surplus of wheat has been already exported.

NEW ENGLAND was shocked during the past week by the discovery of the crimes of the late treasurer of the Atlantic and Indian Orchard mills, WILLIAM GRAY, jr., a citizen of marked prominence in business and social circles, a discovery which was followed by the finding of his dead body on the sides of Blue Hill, where he had died by his own hand rather than face the shame and disgrace involved in the penalty which he knew would, in the event of his apprehension, be inevitably visited upon him for his gigantic embezzlements and financial unfaithfulness. Suicide was the logical ending of his career. Too weak to resist temptation, he was also too weak to endure exposure and disgrace and saw the consequences of his crime. The tragedy conveys numerous important lessons and emphasizes important truths. It contains a warning against extravagance and speculation that extravagant whims may be gratified. It teaches the danger of giving those holding positions of financial trust too large opportunities, thereby increasing the power of temptation. It teaches that directors of large corporations should direct and manage; that perjury should be punished by the rigid enforcement of the laws enacted against it. As for the dead criminal, he has doubtless met the full penalty of his crime, and he may be dismissed. There is, of course, sympathy for the innocent who suffer through him, for his family, disgraced and humiliated.

DEMOCRATS held state conventions in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan on the 18th inst. In the latter state a Greenback convention was also held and a fusion ticket placed in nomination. In Ohio candidates for secretary of state and for other state officers were nominated, and CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, son of the late JEREMIAH S. BLACK, was placed at the head of the Pennsylvania ticket as the candidate for governor. The Michigan unterrified declared for a tariff for revenue only and for such financial measures as are pleasing to the greenback theorists. The Pennsylvanians naturally declared for protection, and the Ohioans, true to the traditions of Ohio politics, straddled. All endorsed Pres. CLEVELAND, the Pennsylvanians in a general perfunctory way, the Michiganders including his civil service policy in their indorsement, while the Ohioans went the whole figure and actually approved the policy of Sec. BAYARD in his conduct of the State department. Taking it all and all, it was a great day for demagogism and hypocrisy.

THE convention of the Irish National league, which was in session during the week in Chicago, was largely attended, and though there was some difference of opinion the general policy of the league is that advocated by PARNELL. JOHN FITZGERALD, of Nebraska, was chosen president of the league.

REV. DR. CALVIN E. STOWE, formerly of of Andover Theological seminary, and the husband of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, died at Hartford, Conn., on Sunday morning. He was born at Natick, Mass., and graduated at Bowdoin and Andover. He held professorial positions in the East until 1833, when he removed to Ohio and became Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature at Lane Theological seminary. In the first year of his residence there he married HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, then 21 years of age. In 1836 Prof. STOWE was sent by the state of Ohio to examine the public school system of Germany. He left Ohio in 1850 to become professor of Revealed and Natural Religion in Bowdoin college. Two years afterwards he resigned to take the chair of Sacred Literature in Andover seminary. He continued in Andover until 1864, when he resigned. Prof. STOWE was a voluminous writer upon theological subjects.

ONE of those periodical revolutions peculiar to the Central and South American Republics has taken place in Honduras. The leaders are said to be prepared for an aggressive and probably successful campaign.

JUSTICE seems to have a sure grip upon the Chicago anarchists. All of them were found guilty of murder in the first degree, except NEEBE, who gets fifteen years' imprisonment. We hope that there will be no delay in the course of justice, in the way of appeals to higher courts, based upon hair-splitting legal technicalities. The prompt execution of these red-handed criminals will do more to bring the ignorant masses of our foreign population to a realizing sense of the difference between liberty and license than anything else.

LAST May the outflow of gold from the United States was so great as to cause almost a panic. Now the return current has commenced, and from present appearances, it will bring hither before the year is over, as much as has been carried away since it opened, which at the end of June had amounted in round numbers to $30,000,000. It was rumored last week that contracts had been made for shipping from Europe to this country of $6,000,000 or $7,000,000, and though the movement was checked for the moment by the sudden advance of interest rate in London, it is not likely to be permanent, because of the heavy purchases of wheat which have been made, and which will demand a large flow of gold hither.

IT is expected that the formal exchange of the copies of the extradition treaty between the United States and Japan will soon be announced from Tokio, and that its promulgation by the two governments will take place immediately thereafter.

DURING the past week the British Parliament has reassembled and the Queen's speech was read. The latter was exceedingly general in its character, and simply calls attention to the fact that the action of the last parliament upon the Irish question was sustained by the people, without giving any hint as to the future policy of the government. It then goes on to recommend the immediate voting of the supplies necessary to carry on the public service, implying that that being done Parliament would adjourn until February

THE non-committal tone of the Queen's speech left little for MR. GLADSTONE to talk about, when he rose according to custom, immediately after, except to reiterate his conviction that his own Home Rule policy was the wise one to pursue. He also taunted the present government with a change of front in regard to the question of repressive legislation for Ireland, and attacked its postponement of any declaration of policy upon Irish matters until February.

MR. GLADSTONE was followed by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who, to the intense surprise of everybody, unfolded the programme of the Tory Ministry. He said that it had come to the conclusion that to adopt coercive measures now would be unwise; that it wished to treat the matter of local government as one affecting the whole United Kingdom, and therefore its consideration was to be deferred until February, in order to give time for further inquiry and deliberation; and that a commission was to be appointed for this purpose, consisting of three gentlemen of position and experience who would, when Parliament reassembled, in the winter, be able to answer such questions as were deemed necessary to be thoroughly understood before deciding what should be done about Ireland. He also declared that the law would be enforced, not only in Belfast, but elsewhere through the country. The government would, for the present, take the Land Act of 1881 for the settlement of the land question, which means that there is to be no reduction of rents, and that another winter of starvation and evictions by landlords, is before the Irish people.

LORD CHURCHILL spoke better than ever before, with great dignity of manner, and with point and readiness. He showed his sense of responsibility, while discovering no loss of debating power. His shrewdness was shown in seizing the occasion to outline the Government's policy on the Irish question, when there was a possible chance of criticism from Mr. GLADSTONE who was the only man the Tories feared, and who was prevented by Parliamentary rules from speaking a second time. His declaration of the Government's intention to appoint a commission to inquire into Irish matters, was greeted with laughter by the followers of Mr. PARNELL, who feel, undoubtedly, that it is simply a pretext for delay, as it certainly is.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech in the House of Lords could mean but one thing, that coercion was to be employed for Ireland but deferred until February, and the reason is, that it would be exceedingly unwise to attempt to introduce such measures when that country, with the exception of Belfast, is in a state of quiet, and the criminal dockets are lighter than for ten years back. His policy is, in fact, one of vacillation, drifting towards coercion, and the Irish people will not be likely to regard it with much favor in any way. The probability is that such a policy will bring about a state of things that will finally show to the Tories that coercion is impossible and they will begin to look around for remedial measures, that will at last result in the adoption of Home Rule. Such a square change of front is not a new thing to the Conservative party.

THE government, as now constituted, is really in the minority, as the actual standing is as follows: Conservatives, 314; Unionist Liberals, 77; Gladstoneites, 189; Nationalists, 84, with five vacant seats, which when filled will doubtless add two to the Conservative, two to the Gladstonian and one to the Nationalist strength. While the Conservatives have a majority of 48 over all the Liberal factions, they lack 19 votes of a majority. This is a fact which will confront them at every step, and will make the forcing of their hand all the easier for the opposition.

MR. GLADSTONE is preparing a pamphlet for publication with the title of "The Irish Question." It is to be divided into two parts, the first of which will be devoted to a description of the Home Rule idea in his own mind, and his reaching the final conviction that it was the only course to be taken in order to solve the Irish difficulty. The second part is entitled, "Lessons of the Election," in which he analyzes the returns of the late election, and shows how small the majority against Home Rule really is, and how the idea has progressed ever since the introduction of the bill, and concludes with the prediction that the cause will eventually triumph. The pamphlet will be read with great interest both sides of the water.

MATTETS in Belfast have been quieted down by the presence of a large constabulary, but the feeling between the Catholics and Orangemen is as intensely bitter as ever. Grave fears are entertained that rioting may again break out at any moment, in spite of the troops, with the result of a large loss of life.

THE Russians, who have been for some time, laboring to bring about an insurrection in Bulgaria, have at last succeeded, and Prince ALEXANDER has been compelled to abdicate, and is reported to have been escorted across the borders. There was no disorder, but the populace adopted a resolution begging the Czar to extend his sympathy to the Bulgarian people, which means that so far as they are concerned, the game is now in his own hands. It is reported that Russian troops are advancing into Bulgaria. This state of things must necessarily arouse some action from the other European powers, and the outcome may be, what has been threatening for some time, a general war.

FRANCE is about to have a change of Presidents. M. GREVY, who is now 80 years old and not strong, has announced his intention to give up the cares which have become so burdensome, and the people are talking of his successor. It is said that he has named M. DE FREYCINET for the position, which will probably meet the popular wishes. The latter is universally regarded not only as a brilliant orator and tried diplomatist, but as possessing other qualities of a statesman.

THE DEMAGOGUE'S CRY OF "PERSONAL LIBERTY."

The Ohio Democratic state convention at Toledo, on August 18, adopted a platform which contains this plank on the liquor question:

Believing that the evils growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors can best be provided against by a well-regulated license system, we renew our declaration in favor of an amendment to the constitution that will permit judicious regulation of the traffic and repress the abuses growing out of it *without destroying the principles of personal liberty or the right of private judgment.*

The plea that Prohibition is an infringement of "personal liberty" and the right of "private judgment" is one that has been brought up before in the platforms of the Democratic party, both in this state and elsewhere. The Toledo plank quoted above is ridiculous, from the fact that the abuses of the traffic can not be "repressed" without "destroying" these so-called "rights."

More extended expressions of this anti-Prohibition argument were made by speakers at the recent biennial convention of the North American Turnerbund, a few weeks ago. Dr. STARKLOFF made an address against Prohibition, in which he declared that the Turners

Are bound to take sides against every attempt to limit personal freedom. At bottom the idea of prohibition was hostile to freedom and unworthy of men priding themselves on their opportunities of self-government. It, therefore, became one of the highest duties of the Turner to oppose Prohibition in the most uncompromising spirit. What did Prohibition really mean—prohibition, the cry of so many fanatics in this country—other than that the citizens of America, called to govern the land in which they lived, were not capable of governing themselves? To protest against this view was, above all, incumbent upon the North American Turnerbund. Prohibition was not only un-American, it was Turkish in one of its aspects and Russian in another—Turkish in forbidding the moderate use of refreshing beverages, and Russian in the means by which it sought to carry its aims into effect. If the Prohibition fanatics ever succeeded, they would have turned this republic into a great house of correction or a state ruled wholly by the police; the country would be a republic no longer, and would have scattered its constitution to the winds.

He was followed by a Mr. F. DIETMIER, who declared that

the North American League of Turners, the whole German-American element, protests against the infamous acts of coercion, on which that movement is based. The Turner should fix his eye upon the next state election, and, without regard to the dominant parties, give his vote to that candidate whom he deems the most honest, the least subject to unnatural sentiment. The Bund should at the next presidential election throw its many thousand votes in favor of that man who will not only be content to show the temperance people the cold shoulder, but who will, by the conscientious exercise of his appointive power, elevate only such lawyers to the bench as, when they shall be called upon to define and interpret the constitution, will not let their judicial actions be influenced by the temperance element.

So highly was the Turnerbund delighted with the sentiment of these speakers, that their addresses, which were delivered in German, were ordered to be translated into English, printed in pamphlet form, and circulated.

Now, if a man desires to sell liquor to whoever wishes to buy, is it an infringement of the "liberty of the subject" to prevent his selling? If it is his private judgment that the sale of liquor is not wrong, is it an infringement of his personal rights to refuse to allow him to sell? In short, has he the right to sell? Is it a natural right, with which the state should not interfere? Let us examine the matter a little.

Man, in a savage state, without even tribal organization, was his own master. He did as he pleased. Civilization and enlightenment were of course, impossible in such a state. Might made right, and the strongest was a tyrant. As soon as men adopted even the most rudimentary form of government, they gave up part of their freedom to that government. If one was wronged by another, he did not take redress into his own hands, but appealed for justice to the ruling power. The wrong-doer was brought before the proper tribunal, and proper restitution made or punishment inflicted.

In our form of government, the individual is secure in his right to do anything he may choose, so long as it injures no one else, nor infringes on the rights of others. Its theory is, the greatest good of the greatest number; and the prescribed mode of ascertaining what shall be allowed and what denied is by the voice of the majority. Men differ in their views on many subjects; and the policy of the government is decided by the will of the majority. A man has no right that this majority voice does not give him. The people, through their representatives, a century ago made the constitution of the United States, defining the powers of the general government, and denying certain powers to the states. All powers not therein denied belong to the individual states and their citizens Until an amendment to the federal constitution is adopted in reference to the liquor question, the power of dealing with it resides in each state and with the people thereof, to be decided as they see fit.

Now the matter of making, selling, buying and drinking liquor is no natural, inherent right. The power of the individual to do either of these things may be allowed or denied by the state—that is, by the voters. They may prohibit it in their state constitution, or they may do nothing about it. So long as their state constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof are silent on the subject a man may make, buy, sell or drink. It is not unlawful. "That which is not forbidden is permitted."

But there is no natural right, no innate privilege, which prevents the people taking hold of this question and settling it as seems good to them. If the majority of the citizens of the state determine that it is best for the state that the manufacture and sale shall not be allowed, no man has the right to raise the cry of "tyranny." He may use all his influence to oppose the adoption of such a provision, but when the majority is against him, it is his duty to yield strict obedience. If he violates the law, and is punished, he is not the victim of tyranny. He is a law-breaker, whether he thinks the law right or wrong.

What is true of this one matter is true of any other. There are a number of men in Chicago who believe that all law is tyranny, and that the officers of the law should be killed. This is a land wherein a man can not be punished for his opinions. He is free to believe what he will; but he can not put his beliefs into practice where it would contravene the laws. So the Chicago men have found to their own cost. They killed several policemen, thus carrying out one article of their belief. They were tried, found guilty, and will no doubt be hanged. They must bow to the will of the majority.

Now, the legal status of the liquor question is simply this: Where the manufacture and sale is not prohibited by law, it is legal. A man has the right to do either. But a majority of the people have the right at any time to declare that the traffic must be stopped, and he must yield. It is the merest rot to talk of "personal liberty" and the "right to private judgment." A man has the right to hold what opinion he will on the subject; but if his opinion is contrary to the expressed will of the majority, as enacted into law or incorporated into the constitution, he has no right to put it into practice. His "personal liberty" is not infringed, for no man has liberty to do anything that is defined as unlawful by the will of the people.

Now, let us look at the other side of the matter. Dr. STARKLOFF says that Prohibition really means that "the citizens of America are not capable of governing themselves." His argument, continued to its legitimate end, would abolish all restrictive measures. It would assume that a man is capable of governing himself so that he will not become an opium-eater; hence the statute governing the sale of poisonous drugs, and which law prohibits a man selling opium except on a physician's prescription, should be repealed, as it is "unworthy of men priding themselves on their opportunities for self-government." A man is capable of governing his propensities so that he will not wrongfully take what belongs to another; hence the laws against theft are unnecessary, and an infringement of personal freedom. And so on with all restrictive legislation. Dr. STARKLOFF proves too much, and his argument is therefore valueless.

As a matter of fact a very large number of men are not capable of governing themselves in the use of liquor. They drink until the Rum habit is fixed upon them, and they become the veriest slaves. Talk of the "tyranny" of Prohibition! The tyranny of the drink habit is the most fearful tyranny under which a man ever groaned. It dominates him until his will is gone. He drinks until he beggars himself, until his wife and children are thrown upon charity, until he is no longer able to work, until the grave closes over his bloated, dishonored carcass.

Is it an infringement of "personal liberty" to say that a small portion of the people of the state, for the mere sake of gain, shall pursue an occupation which

Is the cause of half the cases of insanity in our asylums,

Is the cause of three-fourths of all crime,

Which fills our prisons and penitentiaries with its victims,

Which crowds our poorhouses with their wives and children,

Which adds enormously to our taxes, in order to maintain a much larger police force than otherwise would be necessary, with additional courts and other machinery of the law,

Which is at war with morality and religion,

Which costs the country $900,000,000 a year,

And which has no good to recommend it?

No! It is a burden upon the people which they are coming to find unbearable. The majority rules, and the end will be, in Ohio and every other state, that the majority will declare it to be their will to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

PAYING THE DEBT.

Another bond call, this time for $15,000,000 of the three per cents, has been made. This is the third call during the present fiscal year, which began on July 1, and makes the total for that time $29,000,000. It is to be remembered that $45,000,000 must be called per year to comply with the requirements of the sinking fund law; and in order that it may may capital in the Congressional elections, we may look for calls for the $16,000,000 necessary to make up that total before November. Then we predict there will be a long rest before any further calls are made. The law, passed under a Republican administration, requires at least $45,000,000 to be called per year, but of course more may be called. The Democratic administration proposes to call this required amount as speedily as possible, and during the campaign, and then claim credit for rapid debt reduction.

Had the Republican policy been adhered to, and the average rate of paying the debt been kept up, there would have been at this time $40,000,000 more of the debt paid than has been done. In nineteen years the Republican administration of our finances prid $1,347,948,622 of the debt and reduced the annual interest $103,653,866—or about two million dollars a week. It will take better financiering than the Democrats are doing to equal this record.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

ONCE more we ask you to read the advertisement of the Blade sewing machine on fifth page. Every day we receive scores of testimonials from delighted ladies who have it in use. It is a magnificent success. And then the price! $18 for the best sewing machine in the world, and the weekly BLADE one year! If you want a good, reliable sewing machine order at once. We are filling orders now the same day they are received.

THE FREE TRADERS STUMPED.

The royal commission which has been investigating the causes of trade depression in Great Britain has brought out much interesting information. Perhaps there is no point upon which the shriekers for free trade in the United States have been more insistent than that the tariff is a tax which is paid by the consumer—that he pays just as much as the cost of manufacture, plus the import duty, on any article embraced in the tariff schedules. This has been the especial argument as to the manufactures of iron and steel, and the denunciations of the free trade theorists have been especially aimed at the iron and steel manufacturers of Pennsylvania. Yet the testimony before the British commission completely oversets this theory. Among the witnesses before it was Mr. THOMAS EDWARD VICKERS, a Sheffield manufacturer of world-wide celebrity. The point upon which he was examined was the effect of the American protective policy upon British trade prosperity. Here is an extract from Mr. VICKERS's testimony:

If the price of a certain quality of steel at Sheffield is £40 per ton, and if the price of the same manufacture in America were £42 per ton, you could not, of course, export?

It would be impossible to compete with them.

Because the duty would bring yours up to £53 16s. per ton, while theirs would be £42?

Yes.

Therefore, it does not follow that the consumers pay the extra price represented by the duty?

Certainly not. They do not pay anything like the amount that is represented by the duty, because the works have been established, and their proprietors must now manufacture at a low price in order to keep the works going; they do not manufacture at a large profit.

The effect of the American tariff is to keep your goods out without stopping the price in America to the consumer to anything like the amount represented by the duty?

That is so now; it was not in the past.

Prof. Bonamy Price—But do you believe that the word "now" is to go on?

I believe the duty in the past has fostered the building of these works; these works are there and must be kept going.

At a profit?

At a profit or no profit they must keep them going.

What I wanted to know was this: whether, supposing the tariff not acting, the works are in the state that they would have been in if they had no duty as far as the steel goes?

I believe at the present time they are paying no more for their steel than they would be if they had no duty.

THE report of Dr. JAMES P. KIMBALL, director of the mint, on the production of gold and silver in the United States for 1885, contains some interesting figures! The production of gold is estimated at $31,800,000; of silver, calculated at the coining rate of silver dollars, at $51,600,000. Colorado still retains the foremost rank as the largest producer of the precious metals, California retaining second position. In Montana the production has increased from $9,000,000 in 1884 to nearly $13,500,000 in 1885, and in Idaho from $3,970,000 in 1884 to $5,300,000 in 1885. Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Dakota still hold their own, while the production of Arizona has slightly decreased. The director estimates the amount of gold coin in the United States on January 1, 1886, at $533,485,453; of silver dollars, $218,259,761; subsidiary silver, $75,034,111; or a total stock of coin of $826,779,325.

A PROHIBITION (third-party) exchange introduces an article denouncing the sale of beer by the management at the Dayton Soldiers' Home with the remark, "Ohio is engraged in a new speculation just now," and closes with the remark, "Ohio ought to take out a patent on this idea at once." We wish to correct the erroneous assumption that the state of Ohio has anything to do with the matter. The Home belongs to the federal government, and is under the direct control of Congress. The state government of Ohio has not the slightest voice in the matter. Ohio has sins enough to answer for without having this one charged up against her.

THE OHIO BOURBON PLATFORM.

The platform of the Ohio Democrats is a windy, wordy, meaningless document. The Ohio Democrats have no use for a platform except as a bait to catch votes. Nobody ever dreams that the party is to be guided by the utterances of that document. As is usual with Democratic platforms, it is loaded with a good deal of denunciation. "Protesting" has been the Democracy's best hold since way back in the early part of the 60's, when they protested against the further continuance of what they called a "bloody and fratricidal war," which struggle they stigmatized as a "failure." There is not one of the crimes against a free ballot and an honest count, the use of fraud and forgery at elections, against which that platform so eloquently inveighs, that has not been committed by the Ohio Democracy themselves.

There is much space devoted to obituary notices of dead Democrats; DURBIN WARD, TILDEN and HENDRICKS—the "old ticket"—MCCLELLAN, SEYMOUR and HANCOCK. It is the muster-roll of defeated Democratic Presidential candidates, following an endorsement of CLEVELAND. The tariff plank is anti-protection, for if a tariff be imposed for revenue only, there is no American industry that will be protected. The platform tries to dodge the matter, and so does not, in so many words, denounce the protective policy. It endorses the Morrison surplus resolution, and talks positive rot in the next plank, which denounces the "attempt to change the measure of values from gold and silver to gold alone." Any man of ordinary sense knows that all values are measured in gold in this country, and that the danger is that by a financial convulsion we shall be forced to a change to the 70 cent silver dollar standard. We have both metals in our coinage, but the standard of values is the gold standard. Hence the resolution either shows monumental ignorance and stupidity on the part of its framers, or else a certain assurance that the Democrats of Ohio are a phenomenally ignorant class of people.

A wee little plank commends the course of the administration in the CUTTING affair, but is silent as death on the fisheries trouble with Canada. Then there is a string of "denunciations"—your old-fashioned Democrat is always good at cussin'—and then a most guarded endorsement of the "integrity and Democracy" of the Democrats in the present legislature. That is slim consolation for the "squaw Senators." They expected to have a vindication, but that sort of plank don't defend running away from the state.

The liquor plank is an evasion, for the fact is well known that license has no show whatever in Ohio, and that the rural Democrats themselves would not vote for it. The labor plank was an afterthought, prepared after the rest of the platform had been sent out to be copied, and is a colorless platitude. We look in vain for some utterance about pension matters, about the Ohio soldiers, and other matters of that sort. Altogether, the platform is a high-sounding string of words, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"—to the men who run the machine.

A LABOR CONVENTION.

In October is to be held in Richmond, Va., a convention of the Knights of Labor, which Mr. POWDERLY says will be the most important assembly of wage-earners that has ever been called together in the civilized world. The delegates will represent a constituency of 1,000,000 workingmen and women, and if they are possessed of the character and earnest purposes that should belong to them, their influence cannot help but be most potent for good.

The motto of the new charter of the organization reads thus: "The sword may strike the shackles from the limbs of the slave, but 'tis education and organization that makes of him a freeman." Keeping to this principle, and working upon the lines thus laid down, and a tremendous influence must be wielded. They have made an organization that has drawn into its body many of the lesser assemblies scattered through the country. Animated with a desire to do right and to support the principles of honest government, and they may do an immense service.

There are two dangers to be apprehended from so powerful a body of men thus united together: The one is that they may allow themselves to be used for political purposes, in which case the organization becomes a pregnant source of trouble to the nation. The second is the possibility of becoming a unit in arbitrary demands for concessions that cannot be allowed, simply because they imagine the power to enforce them rests in their hands.

The meeting in October will show whether the Knights mean to pursue the policy suggested by their motto, and so insure progress by orderly methods, or whether by misdirected and intemperate efforts for change, they will turn the sympathy of the country away from them. The nation at large will not regard with patience anything that opens the door to boycotting, strikes, riots and their train of attendant evils. It will regard with pleasure the spectacle of so large a body of representative workers meeting to consider in a calm, sensible and intelligent manner all peaceable methods of securing the rights and improving the condition of the great mass of working men and women of the country. From now until then every effort should be made upon the part of those at the head of the organization to have the matter thoroughly digested and everything arranged so that there will be no danger of any hasty action being forced upon the convention by hotheads. If Mr. POWDERLY represents the animating principle of the majority there is little to fear.

A COLD shiver runs down the spinal columns of the Democrats at the report that Mr. BLAINE has sent for some public documents, and they are whispering among themselves that he is going to make a review of the blunders of Democratic national control. Well, there is an abundance of them. There is, to begin with, the inconsistency of CLEVELAND on the matter of civil service reform; then as to the department chiefs, there is WHITNEY's big talk and partisan management; VILAS's idiotic plans to "simplify the service," and his repudiation of all reform assurance; GARLAND's wrong-doings; LAMAR's nepotism and his lazy indifference to internal affairs, and BAYARD's diplomatic puerility, all of which will furnish first-class themes for just criticism—and we know of no one who is more capable of criticising the Democracy than BLAINE.

THE Postoffice department has issued a circular of instruction and information with respect to the going into operation on October 1, of the act of August 4, 1886, authorizing the extension of the special delivery system to all postoffices and to all mailable matter. The circular announces that every postoffice in the United States and Territories and District of Columbia now established, and which shall be established while the foregoing act remains in force, is herebr designated as a special-delivery office. These regulations take effect October 1, 1886, after which date every postmaster will be held responsible for the immediate delivery of every article of mailable matter which may be received addressed to his office, properly stamped with a special delivery stamp.

IT is projected to extend the number of postoffices that come under the civil service rules. At present only such as have fifty or more employes are so included; but it is argued that the rules can be applied to many of those having a less number of employes with great benefit to the service.

THE CUTTING CASE.

BAYARD has blundered so in the CUTTING affair that a scapegoat must be found to carry the weight of his sins into the wilderness, and it is announced from Washington that Consul BRIGHAM, at Paso Del Norte, will be the unfortunate victim. He will be called upon to resign as soon as SEDGWICK returns from Mexico and reports to the State department. The effort will be made to show that BRIGHAM did not fairly and impartially represent the facts of the case to the State department, so as to lift the burden from Mr. BAYARD's shoulders. Careful inquiry shows that the real occurrences were as follows:

CUTTING is an American citizen domiciled in Mexico (Paso del Norte), and was publishing a newspaper there. MEDINA, a man of even character with CUTTING, a citizen of Mexico, issued a circular for starting a newspaper in opposition to CUTTING'S. Thereupon CUTTING published in his paper a criminal libel, as defined by the laws of the state of Chihuahua, for which he was arrested and arraigned. The court found him guilty of the offense charged, but leniently waived the fine and costs to which he was liable, upon condition that he make retraction ("conciliation," as termed in Mexican law) of the libel, and publish this same in his paper. That alternative be gladly assented to, but instead of making a fair, manly retraction in his paper, as as required by the law and the court, he insulted the latter by making the publication in an obscure part of his paper, in form and type as nearly illegible as possible.

Not satisfied with that contempt of court he then crossed the river to El Paso, and there had printed in the *Sunday Herald*, over his own signature, an aggravated renewal of the libel against MEDINA, for which he had made "conciliation" in Mexico, coupled with animadversions upon the court. Copies of the papers containing the renewed libel he then took back to his home in Paso del Norte, and there distributed and published the same in Chihuahua. For that continued, renewed and aggravated offence he was again arrested and imprisoned, and has justly been tried, convicted and sentenced, as would have been done under like circumstances in any of our state courts. The position which was hastily taken by Sec. BAYARD that CUTTING's offence was committed on American soil seems, therefore, to be an untenable one, since the precedents all point to the conclusion that it was begun in Mexico, and that the second libel, published in the United States, was but the continuation of that first published in Mexico.

The investigation made by Major. SEDGWICK may possibly change the aspects of the case, but from what is now known, there seems to be little doubt that Sec. BAYARD will have to recede from the unwarranted attitude he has taken towards the case. It seems incredible that he should have made his demand except in ignorance of the law, and ignorance on the part of the secretary of State in such a matter is utterly and absolutely inexcusable. His conduct is all the worse in this when compared with that in the Canadian fisheries difficulty. The insults offered our fishermen, continued over a space of three months or more, have afforded opportunity for our government to make a manly and dignified assertion of the rights of American citizens, but this opportunity has been tamely and timidly passed by. The Mexican incident occurring, Sec. BAYARD, in seeming ignorance of the fundamental principles of the law of libel, immediately assumed the attitude of a bully and made demands from which there appears to be no way out but to recede from them. Every development thus far has only made his position more and more untenable, and shown conclusively that he is an unfit person to be at the head of the management of our foreign affairs.

The New York *Hour*, a mugwump Democratic sheet, has this editorial criticism of the Delaware statesman:

Mr. Bayard made a great mistake when he resigned from the Senate and assumed the duties of secretary of State. As a legislator and a stout defender of Democratic principles, he was a most useful member of that body, and it is a personal misfortune for himself and a very great misfortune for the country that he ever left it. He is narrow and sectional in his views; his talent for administration is very slight; his judgment of character is poor; he is warped by his prejudices and preconceived notions and opinions, and lacks the poise which is so essential in the first officer of the cabinet. The greater number of his diplomatic appointments have been as bad as they could well be, and the manner in which he has mismanaged the fisheries question and the Cutting case has brought discredit upon the administration and ridicule upon the country. There can be no question as to his unfitness for the position he holds, and however painful it may be to the President, it is clearly his duty to request his resignation and put the State department in charge of some one equally honest and sincere, but firmer and more judicious. The fisheries dispute should have been settled long ago, and this Mexican mess never should have occurred. Mr. Bayard is an out-and-out failure in his present place.

CUTTING was released on Monday by the Mexican authorities. This was done upon a review of his case, on his appeal, by the Supreme court of the state of Chihuahua. The decision of the tribunal was based upon MEDINA'S publicly waiving his right to a civil suit for damages, which the Mexican judges held as ending the proceedings of the state. It is believed that CUTTING will be prohibited from residing in Mexico. This does not seem, however, to settle the point raised between the two governments; but the diplomats can now take all the time they choose to talk the matter over and come to an agreement.

BULGARIAN MATTERS.

Russian intrigue has once more gained the upper hand, and by a startling *coup d'etat* opened up all of the complications of the Eastern question, and rendered not only possible, but probable, serious political troubles involving the great Powers of Europe. It is not at all likely that Great Britain and Austria will quietly acquiesce with what opens the door for Russia to gain a foothold in the Balkan States, whence she can strike out for Turkey as soon as the time comes.

It will be remembered that nearly a year ago, September 18, 1885, the Governor of Roumelia was deposed and a union with Bulgaria was proclaimed. Prince ALEXANDER was called upon by his ministry to head this revolution and make the union of the two countries assured, or to abdicate. He chose the former course, and the Bulgarians, under his lead, did some splendid fighting, while he himself, with a courage and address that won the respect of the world, baffled all the intrigues of Russia and defied her threats, thus maintaining the union of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria under what seemed appalling odds. In the end he succeeded in compelling his recognition by Europe as Governor-General of Roumelia.

It was not to be expected that Russia would quietly accept this thwarting of her plans, and by her emissaries she has been at work through the year in undermining the Prince, and making possible what occurred in Sofia on Saturday, August 21. On that day, without the slightest warning, the brave soldier and able ruler of the Bulgarian people, by whom he is idolized, was captured, compelled to abdicate, and either imprisoned or escorted out of the kingdom, while the government is placed practically in the hands of Russia.

By this move, the latter takes a long stride towards Constantinople. The plan which ALEXANDER spoiled last year contemplated the union of Bulgaria, Old Servia, Macedonia and Roumelia. He was too shrewd and successful for the Czar to allow to remain where he had placed himself, hence his downfall. It now remains to be seen what Great Britain and Austria will do. Meanwhile Turkey, as was to be expected, sends forth a wail to the Powers.

WHAT SEWING MACHINE AGENTS SAY OF THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

It seems that the whole fraternity of sewing machine agents are telling all sorts of falsehoods about the Blade sewing machine. Remember, we employ no agents; hence the entire tribe are our enemies, and they seem to stop at no falsehood that they think can injure the Blade machine and sell the one which they are handling. Here are a few samples of the lies they are putting in circulation:

"It is made from cast-iron."
"It is made from expired patents."
"A good machine cannot be made for the money."
"It is a chain-stitch machine."
"It is a single thread machine."
"It's no good."
"It won't sew."
"It is a bogus Singer."
"A cheap-made machine."
"Better throw away your money."
"The Blade company do not make them."
"Old machines re-vamped," etc.

Now let us look at some of these statements. First, about its being made of cast-iron. All sewing machines have the solid portions made of cast-iron. It is the best material for the purpose. But the working parts of the Blade machine, and of all other *first-class* machines, are made of the best steel. This is done because it gives strength with lightness, and because it will wear longer than anything else.

As to "expired patents." Every machine in the world is made under one or more expired patents. The eye-pointed needle, for instance, was invented by ELIAS HOWE, and he made the first successful sewing machine. But the Blade machine has patents on all the devices peculiar to it, and these agents know it well.

The proof that the third statement is a lie may be found on the fifth page of today's paper—that the Blade machine *is* a "good machine," notwithstanding it is sold at $18. It is a well-known fact that the Singer machine, ready for work, costs $15 at the factory. Is not that proof that a good machine *can* be "made for the money?"

The next two are atrocious lies—that it is a "chain-stitch machine," and "sews with only one thread." It has a shuttle carrying the lower thread, the needle carrying the upper thread. It makes a perfect lock-stitch, the same as the Wheeler and Wilson, the Howe, the Singer, and all other first-class machines. Send for a sample of its work.

Regarding the next two statements, they are lies, pure and simple. Read the testimonials on the next page. It is *not* a "bogus Singer," it is *not* "an old machine revamped," and it is "made by the Blade company." We have a special factory in Toledo, built expressly to make this machine. It is a three-story brick, 200 feet long and 40 deep, with two wings, employing now 117 workmen, which number will soon be increased to 200. Our factory is fitted up with special machinery for the production of this sewing machine. The Blade machine is made on the same principle of manufacture as the American watches—we have a special machine to make each working part. The latter, therefore, are exact duplicates of one another, and can be changed from one machine to another and fit perfectly. This improved mode of manufacture enables the machine to be made more cheaply, and at the same time better.

All the running parts of the machine are made of the finest steel, and as regards excellence of material, perfect finish of working parts and durability, it is equal, if not superior, to any machine now on the market. Every part of the machine is made in our own factory, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Every machine is tested before being sent out, and we warrant it to be a perfect machine and exactly as represented in our circulars and advertisements. We hope that our friends will see that the above facts are given publicity wherever false reports have been made.

THE GERMAN REPUBLICANS AND THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

Der Republikaner, a Republican German paper of New York city, has, in its issue of August 7, the following leading editorial article on the Anti-saloon Republican movement:

With respect to the anti-saloon movement in the Republican party, *Der Republikaner* occupies the ground that the political power of the "too numerous" saloon should be curtailed, and we are decidedly in favor of the advance about to be taken by the party.

In large cities, like New York, the saloon runs primaries and fixes the delegates to local, state and national conventions. The saloon nominates candidates and gives us saloon dispensers of the taxpayers' money. The heelers of the saloon dominate and dictate.

It is unfortunate, that the people, who

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name that is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

4.—No answers will be sent by mail, in any form whatsoever; so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature of the disease. This will enable us to prescribe more definitely.

All queries will be answered strictly in the order received.

What to Do With a Sunstruck or Apparently Drowned Person Till the Doctor Comes.

At this season of the year no dangers are so commonly talked about as sunstroke and drowning, the latter including, of course, the suffocation by water or drowning. The large army of mechanics at work on the sunny sides of streets, often in pockets between high brick walls, where the thermometer rises far above 100 degrees during the afternoon, are peculiarly liable to what is called sunstroke, but which is simply a heat stroke. The body becomes overheated and exhausted, and this may happen on a warm day in the shade as well as in the direct rays of the sun.

The patient's face, head and body are burning hot and dry when sunstruck. The only thing to do before the doctor comes is to reduce the temperature of the patient. Strip him naked and wrap him in a sheet wet with the coldest water that can be had. If this is not practicable pack the head, neck and shoulders in wet cloths, handkerchiefs or towels, or whatever is most convenient, and change the cloths as fast as they get warm, until the patient regains consciousness. But in some cases work in a warm shade can produce heat exhaustion. The face is but slightly flushed, while the skin may be moist and cool. The pulse will then be feeble and frequent. Rest in a cool room is needed, with some light stimulant.

In cases of suffocation the first thing to do is to remove the cause of suffocation. If a man is found hanging by the neck, cut the rope. If he is found drowning take him out of the water. It ought not to be necessary to say this, but the truth is that the first impulse of the majority of people when a man is found hanging by the neck is to call the police and notify the coroner. Many other intelligent people believe that they have a right to cut a man down who is found hanging by the neck. They believe that the coroner must do this. Coroners cultivate this belief. It brings a good many bodies under their care which would otherwise be saved alive.

More people are suffocated by water than by ropes, but a man strangled by a rope should be treated in the same manner as one apparently drowned. When a person that is apparently drowned is taken out of the water, lay him on the pier or wherever most convenient. Then strip him to the waist and rub him dry, and wipe out the mouth and back of the throat with a handkerchief folded over one of your fingers. Then turn the patient over, face down, and put his arm under his forehead and a rolled-up coat under his stomach. If you have no coat, a log of wood, a coil of rope, or a dozen bricks, or anything found near by to raise the stomach will do. Then put both hands on the small of the back and push them down hard. That will force out the water that has got inside. Turn the patient over on his back. It will often begin to breathe then. If he doesn't, tickle his nose with a bit of grass, a feather, a bit of twine, or anything that will tickle. If that doesn't do any good, hit him a smart slap with the open hand on the pit of the stomach. If that doesn't make him catch his breath, he is dead by the usual means, and hopeless. Whatever is done must be done without delay; but never hurry, because hurry begets flurry always.

Finding that the slap does no good, at once open the patient's mouth. You will find that his tongue has dropped back into his throat so that he cannot breathe if he wants to. Take hold of it and pull it up, and if you have a stout rubber band with you clip it well back over the lower jaw, so that it will snap down on the tongue, keeping it from falling back. A string of any kind may be tied around instead of the rubber band, but you must keep watch of either to see that the tongue does not slip back into the throat. The best way to secure the tongue is to stick a pin or needle through it half an inch or so from the tip, and let the ends of the pin rest on the teeth—that is, toggle it. The patient will have a sore tongue if he gets well, but he won't mind that. Put the rolled-up coat under the patient's stomach, turn his head sideways, his hand and pull the arms up above his head and lay them flat along the ground, with the hands touching each other. Hold them there two seconds while the chest expands and the lungs fill with air. Then raise the arms up over his head and place them on his chest, so that his hands touch each other just below the collar bone. Then quickly down and in on the chest for an instant. This will press the air out again. Take hold of the arms half way between the wrist and the elbow in doing this. Keep on filling the lungs with air and emptying them again until the patient begins to breathe naturally. Work deliberately and regularly, and don't stop short an hour and a half unless the patient recovers, no matter how hopeless the case may seem to be. People have been revived who did not show a sign of life until they had been worked over two hours. One child was saved in the western part of New York last year after the doctor had pronounced it dead. When the body is taken from the water lay it on the face with the arms pits and on the stomach. Hot flannels will do. Then give stimulants in moderate quantities.

Stimulants should always be given sparingly to those who are hurt unless a physician is in charge and orders them. They should never be given to a man who has been injured about the head, particularly if he is unconscious, unless a competent physician is in charge.

Cases for Treatment.

Case 26.—M. S., Mound City, Kan.: Enlarged neck (bronchocele or goitre.)

Hypodermic injections of iodine and iodide of potassium will cure, but it must be done by a competent physician. The following prescription is also excellent, and cures about 60 per cent. of the cases to be found it is tried. Have a druggist put up chloride of ammonium in 3-grain doses. Take a dose three times a day, and continue for from two to three months.

27.—R., Port Allegany, Pa.: It is unsafe to prescribe without actual examination.

27½.—T., Luthersburg, Pa.: Strangely enough, almost identical in symptoms with case 27. Consult some Philadelphia physician of repute. We could probably do little in prescribing without examination, and might do harm.

29.—J. L. B., Princeton, Kan.: Cold hands and feet, especially during cold weather.

Every night give them a hot bath, rubbing till perfectly dry with a coarse towel, until they are red. Also obtain:

Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia, 6 ounces.

A tablespoonful three times a day. Continue for several weeks.

29.—"Blade," Lansing, Mich.: Probably heart trouble. Cannot prescribe by mail.

30.—Peleg, Boaz, Wis.: Cancerous sore on nose, near corner of eye.

Read what was said in case 2, last week's BLADE.

31.—R. S., Independence, N. Y.: Deafness of 28 years' standing, caused by congestive fever.

Such cases are unfortunately incurable, because the delicate mechanism of the interior ear is destroyed.

32.—No. 24," Millersburg, Ind: Spitting up food, flatulency, weight at stomach, weakness, nervous prostration.

Go to a druggist and have him put up:

Elixir pepsin, bismuth and strychnia, 4 ounces.

One teaspoonful just before each meal.

33.—A. N., Middlefield, Iowa: Nervous prostration and loss of sexual power.

Obtain of a druggist:

Fluid extract damiana, 6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Continue for several weeks.

34.—C. F. W., Dublin, O.: Pursue treatment given for case 20, last week's BLADE.

35.—Joshua, Poplar Bluff, Mo.: Cold feet. The treatment for case 28, above.

36.—J. H. W., Lyons, Kan.: Hip joint disease.

If this is what physicians term "hip joint disease" there is no cure. A surgical operation will be necessary.

37.—M. D., Watrousville, Mich.: A surgical operation, dividing the contracted muscles, might be advisable, but is hazardous. Consult some surgeon of skill and experience.

38.—G. A., Neligh, Neb.: Redness of eyes, caused by lamplight study; headache, etc. Stop studying so much at night. Take plenty of exercise, don't apply yourself so closely, and the headache will disappear.

39.—L. S., Anoka, Minn.: Constant desire to empty the bladder, etc., in an adult.

Get the following prescription put up:

Tincture belladonna.....2 ounces.
Elixir calisaya, to make.....6 ounces.

A teaspoonful three times a day. Use steadily for two months.

40.—C. H., Albion, Ind.: Progressive paralysis of nerves of face and tongue. It is impossible to prescribe without seeing the patient. Consult the best doctor you can.

41.—K. E. W., St. Mary's, O.: Squinting of eyes.

A surgical operation is the only cure.

42.—"Old Vet.," Omaha, Neb.: Incontinence of urine.

Follow the treatment given for case 39.

43.—Health seeker, Rushton, Mich.: Nervous prostration.

Get a druggist to put up:

Fluid extract coca.....2 ounces.
Fluid extract black haw.....2 ounces.
Fluid extract celery seeds.....1 ounce.

Take a teaspoonful three times a day for two weeks, then increase the dose to a dessert spoonful.

44.—Dry bone, Ossian, Iowa: Dropsical swellings, attacks coming on suddenly, with pain in region of kidneys.

Obtain from a druggist:

Tincture muriate of iron.....1 ounce.
Acetic acid.....2 drachms.
Simple syrup.....6 drachms.
Solution acetate of ammonia..6 ounces.

Take a teaspoonful three times a day.

45.—C. H. S., Cumberland, Md.: Headache attacks once or twice a week; costiveness; no appetite.

For the attacks of headache, obtain of a druggist:

Citrate of caffeine.....10 grains.

Make 5 powders. Take one at beginning of attack, a second in three hours, if not relieved.

For the bowels, also obtain aloin pills, each containing ½ grain of the drug. Take one each day, after dinner. Continue for several weeks, until the constipated habit is broken up.

46.—Lissie G., Bellaire, O.: Persistent cough, with disagreeable sputa: stiffness and soreness of back of neck, dull pain in back of head; neuralgia of the head; biliousness.

Get a druggist to put up the two following prescriptions:

For the cough:

Am. carbonat.....2 drachms.
Tinct. nux vom.....4 fluid drachms.
Tinct. scillæ.....1½ fluid ounces.
Inf. serpentar.....3 fluid ounces.

A teaspoonful three times daily, half-hour after meals. Also get the following:

Leptandrin,
Podophyllin,
Ex. belladonna.....of each ½ scruple.
Fulv. ipecac.....5 grains.

Make 30 pills. Take one just before breakfast and supper.

47.—T. S., Highland, Kan.: Sciatica in the right leg for 6 months.

Empty the bowels by a dose of compound cathartic pills (U. S. P.), and the next day begin taking the following:

Balsam copaibæ.....4 drachms.
Tr. lavand.....4 drachms.
Tr. hyosc.....3 drachms.
Pot. bicarb.....1 drachm.
Mucilage.....1 ounce.
Aquæ.....6 ounces.

A tablespoonful every 4 hours.

48.—L. C., Baldwinville, Mass.: Catarrh of throat, partial deafness, roaring in ears, etc.

Use no patent appliance. The deafness being the result of throat trouble, it is impossible to say whether it is permanent or not, though the probabilities are that it will be. Go to a competent druggist and have him put up:

Glycerole of thymol.....4 ounces.

Put a teaspoonful in a half a glass of water,, and gargle the throat well six times a day. Also take the following:

Saline.....100 grains.

Gentian root,
Marshmallow root,
Tragacanth.....20 grains of each.
Glycerine.....30 grains.
Distilled water.....20 grains.

Make 100 pills; roll in lycopodium.

Take 5 pills morning, noon and night. Keep the bowels open, and take plenty of exercise.

49.—J. S., Havre, Iowa: Sciatic rheumatism.

Follow directions given in case 47.

50.—Reader, Johnson City, Tenn.: Catarrhal inflammation of the throat.

Follow treatment given for case 48.

51.—J. P., Ward, Ark.: Cramp in stomach.

Do not use any "belts" or other trash. Go to a good druggist and have him put up:

Sodium phosphate.....1 ounce.

Make 16 powders.

Take one powder three times a day in a wineglass of sugar and water. If it produces irritation and griping of bowels, lessen the small discharges, take half of a powder at each dose, but take four of these small doses each day, ½ to 1 hour before meals.

52.—A. L., Antelope, Kan.: Lame back; pain across hips.

Rub the sore spot with this liniment:

Chloroform.....1 oz.
Tincture aconite.....1 oz.
Tr. sapo comp.....2 oz.

Take to a druggist and have him put up:

Bicarbonate of soda.....5 drs.

Make 30 doses. Take one dose every 3 hours (5 doses each day) for 3 days; then omit one day and take for three days longer. Report progress, giving number of case.

53.—C. L., Three Rivers, Mich.: Sunstroke in lady aged 50. A person of that age never recovers fully. All that can be done is to keep her out of the sun, allow her to take no extra privations, especially over a hot stove; keep cool and quiet until the cold weather sets in. The feeling of lassitude, etc., will return each summer.

54.—Subscriber, Farmville, Va.: Periodic sick headache, accompanied by sick stomach, ending in vomiting.

Immediately on feeling an attack coming on, take an emetic. Obtain the following mixture:

Sulphate magnesia.....6 drachms.
Carbonate magnesia.....1 drachm.
Compound tincture lavender...8 ounces.
Peppermint water, to make....8 ounces.

Take two tablespoonfuls early each morning. Keep the bowels open.

55.—I. W. F., Duluth, Minn.: Sick headache. Follow directions given above. If ineffectual, double the dose of the mixture.

56.—G. G., Windsor, Ill.: Flatulence and constipation. Have the following made up:

Tincture nux vomica,
Tincture belladonna,
Tincture physostigma, of each 2 drachms.

Take 30 drops in water, morning and evening.

57.—E. S. M., Lombardville, Ill.: Dizziness, prickly burning sensations in limbs, etc.

Obtain the following:

Elixir calisaya.....8 ounces.
Simple elixir.....6 ounces.
Water.....1 ounce.
Syr. simplex.....1 ounce.
Pyrophosphate iron.....128 gr.

Dissolve the pyrophosphate in the water, previously heated. Add other ingredients. Dose, a dessertspoonful three times a day, before meals.

58.—L. J. W., Portia, Ark: Dysentery.

Get of a druggist,

Benzoate of sodium.....4 drachms

Make 16 doses. Take one dose 3 or 4 times a day.

59.—X., Columbus, O.: There is no cure.

60.—C. B., Waveland, Ind.: Severe facial neuralgia.

Obtain the following:

Chloroform,
Tinct. aconite rad., of each.....2 dr.
Morph. sulph.....1 gr.
Iodide potass.....1 dr.

Brick the skin over the seat of the pain, with a fine needle—20 or 30 punctures. Rub in the above. Continue once or twice daily.

61.—W. H. G., Amboy, Ill.: Tumor as large as a hickory nut on top of scalp.

Easily cured, with slight pain, by having a competent physician cut it out. That is the shortest and best way.

62.—G., Springfield, O.: Chronic diarrhea, bleeding piles, etc.

It is difficult to prescribe, with all the troubles named in your letter. We think this will help considerably:

For the piles:

Extract belladonna.....5 grains.
Iodoform.....1 grain.
Acetate of lead.....1 grain.
Vaseline.....75 grains.

Apply three or four times a day.

For the diarrhea, have a druggist put up 4 drachms of benzoate of sodium, in 12-grain doses. Take a dose 4 times a day. When the diarrhea is stopped, take the following tonic:

Pyrophosphate iron.....2 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian, to make.....8 ounces.

Two teaspoonfuls before each meal. Use 4 to 6 weeks.

63.—M., Clear Water, Ark.: Abdominal tumor in a boy.

Medicine will do little, if any, good. Take him to a first-class physician. An operation may be necessary.

64.—Mrs. J., Beacon, Iowa: You do not tell sufficient about your condition to enable us to prescribe.

For the little girl, get

Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia, 6 ounces. Give a teaspoonful three times a day before meals.

For the sore on the boy, get the following ointment:

Borax.....1 drachm.
Glycerine.....1 ounce.

Wash the sore and apply liberally—twice a day.

65.—C. P. T., Port Jervis, N. Y.: Dyspepsia; paralysis; nervousness.

The galvanic belt you mention is of no use. For the dyspepsia, get a good druggist to put up:

Diastase.....10 grs.
Pepsin.....50 grs.
Ext. gentian.....50 grs.
Tartaric acid.....50 grs.
Powdered rhubarb.....50 grs.
Gentian, q. s.

Make 70 pills. Dose, 3 pills before each meal. For nervous weakness, get this:

Fluid ext. coca,
Fluid ext. black haw, of each....2 ounces.
Fluid ext. celery seed.....1 ounce.

One to two teaspoonfuls 3 times a day.

66.—E. H., Harford, Pa.: Gravel.

The pains of which you speak are from the diseased kidneys. We would not like to prescribe at this distance. Consult the best physician available. He should be able to remedy the pain.

67.—W., Greenfield, Ill.: The case is one which needs the constant inspection of a competent physician. The uterine cramps should be promptly remedied.

68.—F. E., Shannon, Ill.: Goitre.

Follow advice given in case 26

69.—H. B., Albion, Mich.: A case which needs constant supervision of a physician. Impossible to treat in this manner.

70.—A., Somerset Center, Mich.: Dyspepsia, dizziness, etc.

For the dyspepsia, use treatment given in case 65—the first prescription. For the dizziness, use the prescription given in case 57.

71.—Mc., Anoka, Minn.: Hernia; little white sores in mouth.

Rupture can be relieved by wearing a truss, etc.—not cured. For the sores, use:

Glycerole of thymol.....3 ounces.

A teaspoonful in a wineglass of water. Wash the mouth out with this twice a day, after meals.

72.—M., Fayette, O.: Injury to knee, involving bone.

The probabilities are that the injury is permanent, though it is impossible to say without actual examination. It would be useless to prescribe without this.

73.—B., Brimfield, Ill.: Varicose veins, gravel, etc.

There are stockings, bandages, etc., sold by dealers in surgical goods, to help cases of varicose veins. Gravel we could not attempt to treat in this way. The roaring in the head is probably only a symptom.

74.—W., Woodstock, Ill.: Rheumatism in arms.

Try oil of peppermint rubbed on the affected parts every night on retiring. Also take the following, which have a druggist put up:

Potassii iodidi.....5 drachms.
Vini colchici sem.....1 ounce.
Tr. cimicifugæ rac.....2 ounces.
Tr. strophanthus.....½ ounce.
Tr. opii camph.....½ ounces.

Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day. Rheumatism of elderly persons is an intractable disease, and seldom entirely cured.

75.—L. W., Axtell, Neb.: Constipation; tender throat.

For constipation, take prescription given in case 56. For the tender throat, use the gargle of glycerole of thymol, given in case 71.

76.—Inquirer, Friend, Neb.: Asthma of 62 years' standing; hip joint disease of 20 years' standing; swelling of lower limbs, painful back, hard cough, etc.

For a person of your age, with troubles of such long standing, there is no chance of permanent cure. For the swelling in the legs, use the treatment given in case 44. This should relieve the pain in the back. For the asthma, obtain this:

Tincture lobelia,
Tincture polygala,
Iodide potassium, of each, 2½ drachms.
Distilled water.....1½ ounces.
Aqueous extract of opium..1½ grains.

One tablespoonful night and morning.

77.—Subscriber, Pomona, Fla.: Constipation, sour stomach, etc.

Get of a good druggist 25 aloin pills, ¼ grain of the drug in each; take one each day, after dinner. Continue until the constipated habit is broken up. The other symptoms should also disappear. For belching, etc., after eating, take a dose of essence of ginger immediately after the meal.

78.—B. Greenfield, Ill.: Inflamed throat. Use the full treatment given in case 48. Please report after three weeks' trial, giving number of this case.

79.—Anon, Poplar Grove, Ind.: Bleeding piles; dyspeptic symptoms.

We have seen cases of piles as bad as yours cured by the following:

Extract belladonna.....5 grs.
Iodoform,
Acetate of lead, of each.....1 gr.
Petroleum jelly.....1 drachm.

Make an ointment. Apply 3 or 4 times a day. If there is much protrusion, a surgical operation may be necessary.

For the stomach symptoms, obtain

Elixir pepsin, bismuth and strychnia, 4 ounces. One teaspoonful three times a day, just before meals.—Please report result of both prescriptions, after a fair trial.

80.—J., Fontana, Kan.: Rheumatism, etc. Use faithfully the treatment given for case 74.

A STORY OF JOE BROWN.

With Some Reflections Upon the Tyranny of Corporation Employers Over Employes.

EDITOR BLADE:—Coming down to my office the other day, I overtook, and walked a couple of squares with one of our citizens whose acquaintance is enjoyable and his intimacy a privilege to the few possessing it. He is on the shady side of fifty, by several birth days, and his sentences are generally true. When with him I listen, excepting times I wish to draw him out, and then a carefully framed remark or suggestion, or question had the hoped for result.

But to go back to our walk. The last he said to me was, "Do you remember, distinctly, the occurrences of your life when from four to six years of age?" "Nothing," I replied, "excepting a horrid cut I gave myself while fooling with a tool I had no business with." "You will, when you are older," and just then our paths diverged. I am not much of a believer in the theory of reminiscences are infrequent, but since our talk I have *thought* a good deal as to what a peculiar thing is memory.

Some trifle will seemingly uncap a dormant cell in our brain, and away back of intervening years there arises a scene, perfect in landscape, incidents, actors, and actions, as though we were again living it. A curious question, at times, as to whether memory is a greater blessing than curse. Reading in yesterday's BLADE the Georgia boy's estimate of the power of Sen. Brown, a little sample of it, in which I was one of the sufferers, came to the surface.

The 23d of December, 1851, I started from Chattanooga for Atlanta, on the morning train, which was filled with excursionists, principally from Ohio and Indiana, to the Atlanta cotton exposition. We were due in Atlanta at 1 o'clock p. m. All went well until we reached Dalton, where, after waiting about half an hour, our train was side-tracked, a large cotton compress was at work, and for a time the passengers enjoyed seeing it reduce a bale of cotton to about one-third of its previous dimensions. The singing of the negroes, who are as bad as sailors when working a capstan, added to the novelty; but many of us expected to *do* all we wished of the exposition that afternoon, and take it on to turn train that night. Hour after hour passed, train after train came in from the South, passengers fumed, agent, conductor and railway employes were reticent, and finally, about the time we were due in Atlanta, along came an engine with a special car, which was attached to our train, and away we went.

We soon learned that the special car was occupied by Sen. Brown, on his way home from Washington to spend Xmas, and the wrath of the passengers began to be manifest. A thousand passengers detained five hours for one man, whose riding over the roads of Georgia by special or otherwise, did not cost him one cent. His being an ex-governor, senator and railway magnate only intensified our ire, which culminated in a meeting, held in a car filled with excursionists from Ohio. Resolutions were passed, condemning him for the outrage inflicted on us. A committee was appointed to present the same to him, and to tell him the last of the resolutions would be carried into effect, viz: "To publish the whole thing in our Northern papers." The conductor got wind of the meeting and its action, came to the committee and implored them to not go farther in the matter. He said he was a poor man, with a family dependent upon him, and he could not afford to lose his place; that if the resolutions were presented to Sen. Brown, the whole of the train crew, with the agent and operator at Dalton, would be discharged under the pretext that some of them had furnished the information on which the action was based. The man was evidently in agony. For his and the others' sakes the matter was dropped. In the ratio that delay cost me, it must have been a matter of quite, $5,000 to that train load of excursionists. Instead of getting away from Atlanta that evening I had to remain till the next, and my calculations and appointments were broken up for a week.

I could go farther with this, telling a little of the fear some of our street car drivers have that an accidental transgression of an order (which has been conceived and ordered through foolishness or magalomania) continued by red tape, and is a nuisance and outrage on the public may cost them their places, but I'll stop. M.

Toledo, August 12.

THE ARRESURES CASE.

Sec. Bayard to Gov. Ireland—A Probable Case of Extradition.

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 23.—Gov. Ireland has received the following letter from Sec. Bayard:

SIR:—Having reference to our previous correspondence in the case of Francisco Arressures, kidnaped within the jurisdiction of the United States and delivered to persons under the jurisdiction of the Mexican state of Coahuila, where he was put to death while entitled to shelter of the Mexican law, I have the honor to forward herewith for your excellency's information a certified copy of a full report in the premises received from Mr. Edward Linn, consul of the United States at Piedras Negras, in the supposition that the facts therein disclosed may serve in the prosecution which I am informed has been instituted in the counties of Taxas against the officials of Maverick county, who are alleged to have assisted in the kidnaping of Mr. Arresures and his delivery to Capt. Mondragon, of the Coahuila "Fuerza de Segundad." A copy of the report has also been sent to the United States legation in Mexico.

The facts as set forth in Mr. Linn's report indicate that all the acts which constitute kidnaping, and which were done within the jurisdiction of the United States, were committed by the officers of Maverick county, from the first arrest of Arresures to his delivery on the Mexican side of the river to Mondragon. If it should appear that Mondragon or any other Mexican instituted on the American side of the river fraudulent or deceptive proceedings constituting under the the laws of Texas "kidnaping," defining the same to be taking or carrying away of a free person by force of deception, as described in article 3 of the treaty of extradition, a case may possibly be presented for a demand on Mexico for the extradition of the offenders.

T. F. BAYARD.

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Endorse the Anarchist Verdict, and Demand a Change in the Naturalization Laws.

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54.—Subscriber, Farmville, Va.: Periodic sick headache, accompanied by sick stomach, ending in vomiting.

Immediately on feeling an attack coming on, take an emetic. Obtain the following mixture:

Sulphate magnesia.....6 drachms.
Carbonate magnesia.....1 drachm.
Compound tincture lavender...8 ounces.
Peppermint water, to make....8 ounces.

Take two tablespoonfuls early each morning. Keep the bowels open.

55.—I. W. F., Duluth, Minn.: Sick headache. Follow directions given above. If ineffectual, double the dose of the mixture.

56.—G. G., Windsor, Ill.: Flatulence and constipation. Have the following made up:

Tincture nux vomica,
Tincture belladonna,
Tincture physostigma, of each 2 drachms.

Take 30 drops in water, morning and evening.

57.—E. S. M., Lombardville, Ill.: Dizziness, prickly burning sensations in limbs, etc.

Obtain the following:

Elixir calisaya.....8 ounces.
Simple elixir.....6 ounces.
Water.....1 ounce.
Syr. simplex.....1 ounce.
Pyrophosphate iron.....128 gr.

Dissolve the pyrophosphate in the water, previously heated. Add other ingredients. Dose, a dessertspoonful three times a day, before meals.

58.—L. J. W., Portia, Ark: Dysentery.

Get of a druggist,

Benzoate of sodium.....4 drachms

Make 16 doses. Take one dose 3 or 4 times a day.

59.—X., Columbus, O.: There is no cure.

60.—C. B., Waveland, Ind.: Severe facial neuralgia.

Obtain the following:

Chloroform,
Tinct. aconite rad., of each.....2 dr.
Morph. sulph.....1 gr.
Iodide potass.....1 dr.

Brick the skin over the seat of the pain, with a fine needle—20 or 30 punctures. Rub in the above. Continue once or twice daily.

61.—W. H. G., Amboy, Ill.: Tumor as large as a hickory nut on top of scalp.

Easily cured, with slight pain, by having a competent physician cut it out. That is the shortest and best way.

62.—G., Springfield, O.: Chronic diarrhea, bleeding piles, etc.

It is difficult to prescribe, with all the troubles named in your letter. We think this will help considerably:

For the piles:

Extract belladonna.....5 grains.
Iodoform.....1 grain.
Acetate of lead.....1 grain.
Vaseline.....75 grains.

Apply three or four times a day.

For the diarrhea, have a druggist put up 4 drachms of benzoate of sodium, in 12-grain doses. Take a dose 4 times a day. When the diarrhea is stopped, take the following tonic:

Pyrophosphate iron.....2 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian, to make.....8 ounces.

Two teaspoonfuls before each meal. Use 4 to 6 weeks.

63.—M., Clear Water, Ark.: Abdominal tumor in a boy.

Medicine will do little, if any, good. Take him to a first-class physician. An operation may be necessary.

64.—Mrs. J., Beacon, Iowa: You do not tell sufficient about your condition to enable us to prescribe.

For the little girl, get

Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia, 6 ounces. Give a teaspoonful three times a day before meals.

For the sore on the boy, get the following ointment:

Winchester's

HYPOPHOSPHITE of LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. 12mo SIZE AND GOT WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 18 Dey St., New York.

THE ARRESURES CASE.

Sec. Bayard to Gov. Ireland—A Probable Case of Extradition.

AUSTIN, Tex., Aug. 23.—Gov. Ireland has received the following letter from Sec. Bayard:

SIR:—Having reference to our previous correspondence in the case of Francisco Arressures, kidnaped within the jurisdiction of the United States and delivered to persons under the jurisdiction of the Mexican state of Coahuila, where he was put to death while entitled to shelter of the Mexican law, I have the honor to forward herewith for your excellency's information a certified copy of a full report in the premises received from Mr. Edward Linn, consul of the United States at Piedras Negras, in the supposition that the facts therein disclosed may serve in the prosecution which I am informed has been instituted in the counties of Taxas against the officials of Maverick county, who are alleged to have assisted in the kidnaping of Mr. Arresures and his delivery to Capt. Mondragon, of the Coahuila "Fuerza de Segundad." A copy of the report has also been sent to the United States legation in Mexico.

The facts as set forth in Mr. Linn's report indicate that all the acts which constitute kidnaping, and which were done within the jurisdiction of the United States, were committed by the officers of Maverick county, from the first arrest of Arresures to his delivery on the Mexican side of the river to Mondragon. If it should appear that Mondragon or any other Mexican instituted on the American side of the river fraudulent or deceptive proceedings constituting under the the laws of Texas "kidnaping," defining the same to be taking or carrying away of a free person by force of deception, as described in article 3 of the treaty of extradition, a case may possibly be presented for a demand on Mexico for the extradition of the offenders.

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"That the verdict of the jury in the anarchist cases meets our hearty approval as native born citizens, and will add much to the respect in which our beloved country is held throughout the world as a nation of law, liberty and order.

"That the police of Chicago, for their patriotic defense of liberty and law on the Haymarket square, May 4, deserve and receive our heartfelt congratulations.

"That we call upon Congress to limit foreign immigration and make ten years continuous residence, and ability to speak the English language, necessary qualifications for citizenship."

Jeff. Davis at a Democratic Convention.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 19.—The Democratic Congressional convention of the Sixth Mississippi district met yesterday at Mississippi City. Jefferson Davis was welcomed with loud applause. In response to calls, Mr. Davis addressed the convention. He said, as a Mississippian, at last he could address a convention. In regard to the negro vote, Mr. Davis said that the Southern Democrats should be congratulated upon having educated their slaves up to a grade of citizenship so high that the Republicans thought them fit to exercise the rights for civilization. The charge that the white people of the South abused their superior strength to oppress the blacks he denounced as a slander. He trusted that Mississippians would never stoop so low as to take unfair advantage of the ignorant.

Discharging the Knights.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Aug. 20.—The Fambrey iron company is making a war upon the Knights of Labor. Sixty employes were dismissed during the week, without notice, and without assigning a reason. About half of the company's employes are Knights of Labor, and it is expected that the whole number will be discharged.

Nebraska Prohibitionists.

LINCOLN, Aug. 19.—The Nebraska State Prohibition convention met here to-day with about 400 delegates representing 45 counties. A lengthy platform was adopted which touches every phase of the liquor question. H. W. Hardy, of Lancaster county, was nominated for governor.

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES AND FRUIT GROWERS.

Mrs. S. D. Power's "Fruit Pastes and Syrups" gives the details of a new and important home industry. The *Garden*, the leading horticultural journal of America, quotes the editorial opinion, "The salvation of the profits of our fruit crop is in the methods of this little book." Its recipes are fresh, not a dozen ever appearing before in any American recipe book. They give the methods by which French cooks prepare the crystallized fruits and choice syrups which are exported by millions of dollars worth, and form a leading industry of the South of Europe. Hostesses who entertain elegantly will find the rare recipes from old English MS. of ladies of high degree. The settler's wife, who misses Eastern orchards, will find in the chapter "For the Far West," how to preserve wild fruits, whose value is hardly known, or to use pumpkins, carrots and other substitutes in inviting forms as fruit. The Southern women will find a chapter especially for their native fruits unknown at the North, and besides this, explicit instructions how to pack and ship preserves for market, and how to find a market for them. Already women are making welcome additions to their incomes, by selling home made preserves, and the fruit syrups so delicious as beverages in warm weather. The book is practical and interesting. Every housekeeper; every woman who wishes to add to her income by a quiet and profitable occupation; every farmer who wants to make the most profit from his fruit crop should send for it at once, as fruits are ripening. Agents find it a quick selling book. Price postpaid, 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NEW PORTRAITS.

The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 19x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MORE ABOUT A HOME.

Suppose, instead of building for yourself, you are going to buy a home already built; here, too, is a chance for solid, good sense to do its perfect work, that is, as perfect as humanity generally reaches.

The very first thing to be considered is its situation and arrangements for health. No matter how handsome the house may be and how cheap it is offered, do not buy it, if it be in a damp and unwholesome location, that is, upon low ground, not well or easily drained. If, on the contrary, it is high and dry, exposed to the sunlight and air, lack of beauty or style matters little in comparison. It is more important that your bodies, the temples of your spirits, should be clean and beautiful as health can make them, than that the house which you call home shall be handsome or elegant. In saying this, however, do not understand me as decrying pretty and pleasant surroundings for the everyday life, but these alone, without good sanitary arrangements, will not bring happiness. The peace and comfort of many a family have been banished forever, simply because the sunlight and pure air could not enter into the family living rooms, and scatter the malarial influences that are lurking there. And I cannot dwell too long nor speak too emphatically about this matter of letting in the golden sunshine to search into every crack and crevice that can be reached. Human beings, like the flowers, the trees, and the fruit, that are caressed into rich maturity, need the life-giving qualities of the sun's rays to bring them to their best, physically, mentally and morally, for the three in them cannot be separated. Therefore, think of this when you are looking for a home, and see how it can be made to answer this necessity. If in every other way it suits you, if it has an elevated situation, with good natural or artificial drainage, but is simply too much shaded, then buy it, but let the first thing you do be to cut down enough of the trees to permit the sun to shine upon some part of the house the whole day long. Better have too much sunshine for a few weeks in the summer, than too little for the rest of the year. Except in the more Southern states there is a very limited part of the twelve months when the heat is so excessive as to demand a large amount of shade. There are days, of course, when the mercury climbs up into the nineties, that the cool, leafy shade of widely branching trees bring sensations of exquisite pleasure, and to be shut completely away from the glaring sunshine is a great comfort, but these are not many.

See whether the house is substantially built. Do not let your vision be obscured by gingerbread decorations, or an air of style, so that you cannot discover whether there is good material used, whether it is put together firmly, or so cheaply that a few years will make repairs cost more than the original price of the house. There is a great deal of this building to sell, in these days. It is much like, or rather upon the same principle, as adulterating articles of food, which may not be noticed at first, but time makes evident in a most uncomfortable manner. It is easy enough to detect a sham in house building, if you do not, as I said before, let yourself be unduly attracted by mere outside show. If there are great cracks in the woodwork and walls, if the doors fall to open and close easily, if the windows rattle, then let it alone—better wait longer, until you can find a place that will be still strong and enduring when your children's children shall be grown into men and women.

Then another thing—don't buy a box. By that I mean, do not get a small house cut up into many tiny rooms. Of course you understand that I do not mean that you are necessarily to buy a large mansion, but get one in which there are possibilities. If there are only two or three rooms of good size, you can, as you are able, add to it very much easier and more satisfactorily, and with less expense, than as if it were all divided by partitions into so many closets. Besides being more pleasant, a fair-sized room is more healthful. You see, I am going upon the assumption that you have not a pocketful of money to get just what your taste might dictate, but must buy what will prove the most advantageous and economical for a person of limited means.

Look out that there is no damp, unwholesome cellar under the house to send up disease and death into your living rooms. Not but that a cellar is a most excellent thing to have, and a most important and desirable part of the home, but it must be dry and well ventilated. People are often very careless about this matter, feeling that it is a stow-away place and out of sight.

The danger of going far beyond your ability to pay before you are aware of it, is not so great in buying a house already built as in putting up one for yourself. You can find out, if you choose to do so, exactly what you are getting for your money. You may, however, walk into trouble when you begin to make repairs and changes. Then is when you want to put the fences up against extravagance. Do not let ambition run away with your good sense. In that case, what would be a blessing to you will prove a curse, for there is nothing which, to people with honest intentions, will be productive of more misery than a debt hanging over their heads, which they can see no possible way of paying. Another thing, generally, has to be considered in moving into a new house, and that is the furnishing. The old things will not fit, and even though they may be made to do, more or less expense will be incurred which must be provided for. I spoke of that in another paper about moving around, that every change involves the spending of more or less money, usually "more."

Perhaps some one will criticise me for advising running into debt for a home. You understand that I expect everyone to use some judgment in regard to the matter. It would be the height of folly for a man with a salary of $1,500 or $2,000 a year to buy a place costing $8,000 or $10,000, unless he had something to depend upon for paying for and keeping it up besides what he can save from that sum, but it would not be to undertake to pay for one worth $2,000 or $3,000. As I said elsewhere, there is nothing that will make people study economy like having some object which they feel important to be gained by it, but when they are obliged to strain every nerve until the tension seems greater than they can bear, it is an evil rather than a good.

We are a restless people. The cases where generation after generation of a family lives in the same house, as they do over the seas, are rarely exceptional. Local attachments appear to be weaker, and there is a disposition to wander from place to place. I think this tendency is strengthening by the habit—for it has become that—of family-living in hotels, where there can be no tender or hallowed associations with the surroundings. The word home is coming in this way, to have little significance to a large class of persons, and it is exceedingly unfortunate that it is so. A people in whom the love of home is strong, is more likely to be proud of the national honor and ready to preserve it at any or all costs, and it is, therefore, the part of wisdom to educate the children into a love for and devotion to one place where their early years are passed, and to which they can return with pleasure in the later ones when their feet have wandered away from its threshold. He is a better and more useful man, in whom love of home and country is a strong and enduring sentiment. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Wall Pocket for Shirt Board and Holders.—Take a piece of gray drilling eight inches longer and three inches wider than the board. This is for the back. Have it double and slant it up to a point commencing six inches from the top. Cut the front about seven inches shorter than the back. Upon the front make two small pockets, one above the other, for holders. These can be bound and stitched on. Put the two pieces together and bind them with red. A metal evelet in the point to hang it up by will be better than anything else. If any one likes, this may be edged prettily. The pockets may have fullness by laying a small plait at the bottom where they are sewed on. This is a very convenient article as it causes the holders to be always at hand without unfolding the ironing cloth each time they are needed.

Table Cloth Case.—Another convenient article where room is limited is a table cloth case. Get striped linen, in gay colors. Make the back a little wider than the folded table cloth and and about twice as long as wide. Make this double with a pasteboard between, and bind around with scarlet or blue braid. The top can be pointed if liked or left straight. Cover another piece of pasteboard of the same width, and a little deeper than the folded tablecloth is folded the short way. Put these together with a long strip about two inches wide taken double bound with red, and then overstitched to the front and back. Put rings on the top to hang it up by. A bag or pocket or two, if desired, can be put on above for the napkins. This is, however, optional.—ED.

A great many pretty articles for home adornments are described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which can be had by sending 25 cents to Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Lambrequins.—I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I made some pretty lambrequins for my windows. I took some old lace curtains and gathered lengthwise, and they look as if fluted. The fuller they are the prettier.—LEO.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; s h c, short crochet.

Feather Pattern for Tidy.—Cast on 106 stitches. 1st row—k 2 tog 4 times. Thread forward—k 1 8 times—k 2 tog 4 times—p 1—and repeat to end. 2d row—purl across. 3d row—knit plain. 4th row—purl across. 5th row—begin as at first. Some one please send Daisy pattern for tidy.—MRS. M. C. JOHNSTON, Dayton, W. T.

Pretty Shell Lace.—Cast on 28 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 6—turn—cast on 8 on right hand needle—turn again—k 8—o—n—k 2—o—n—over twice—n—k 1. 2d row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 4—o—n—p 20—k 2—o—n—k 1. 3d row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 4—n—k 8—s 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 6—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—over twice—n—k 1. 4th row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—o—n—p 3—p 2 tog—p 8—p 2 tog—p 3—k 2—o—n—k 1 5th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—n—k 8—s 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 4—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—over twice—n—k 1. 6th row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 4—o—n—p 1—p 2 tog—p 8—p 2 tog—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 1. 7th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—p 12—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 6. 8th row—bind off 3—k 3—p 1—k 4—o—n—k 1 4—o—n—k 1. Begin again at first row.—MRS. X.

Correspondence.

ROSES FOR OUR MOTHERS.

Tho' may tread the path of honor,
Men of greatness,
Christian men the path of duty,
With sedateness,
Joyous, happy, little children,
Each of brightness
Lend to shady walks, and dreary,
With their lightness.
And, tho' each in sphere and station
Good is achieved,
We would call to crown their efforts,
Not the roses!

But for those who rock the cradles,
Singing lullibyes
Only to be heard by cherubs
Closing sleepy eyes;
Toiling o'er with faith's endurance,
Love's denial,
All their patient care and watching
A blest trial.
All their hopes and ties and blisses
In homes centering,
Shall we pluck these blooms of sweetness,
Roses clustering?

Ah! they drink not deep of knowledge
From Thought's ocean,
All their joys and sorrows gleaning
From Devotion;
And their constant homely duties,
Ever growing,
Win no cherished wreath of laurel
Nor applauding,
From the great world's thronging masses.
To no others,
Will we bring the perfect roses,
Than our mothers.
—GRACE S. BURGESS.

Woodhull, Ill.

ACT OUT SELF.—Ringing within the chambers of human thought, there is ever a spectre sad and melancholy, which tells of truths of ideas so persistently, as to make the unfortunate victim a mournful recluse.

He is ever desiring the companionship of his own imagery; and whatever may tend to mar the harmony therein, serves but to irritate, and make him less tractable and lovable to those who surround him, while, in reality, his heart is longing and striving to obtain the best means for the advancement and enjoyment of their "Life's walk." Thus it is—that we may not read the heart. God only, does that. However, we may try to reach it, by smoothing out the unseemly wrinkles and surly words, with a kind hand and loving attention. A good recipe for the mass of humanity would be, "Look well, that you do not possess your neighbors' faults," for I find that the social intercourse prevailing among neighbors is, in most instances, pure deception. We act what we do not feel; we feel what we do not speak. Therefore, our better natures remain hid, and only skim milk appears on the surface. Oh, if only we would act our own true selves, what congeniality would exist in our relations to each other, and that harsh word, discord, be held from the home of our being. But some may ask, whom may we trust? I know that supposed bosom friends oftentimes give a dagger thrust, and faith in a friend once lost can never be replaced. The sting always remains.

It is best, always, to travel on our own responsibility, not trusting too much to any one, as many less, unstable thoughts, as varied and changing as the clouds that hang o'er them. Their minds seem chameleon-like, taking the impress of everything they come in contact with. But I must leave you now; some other time would like to continue the chat, and I mean to get around to that "sitting up" business.—MERCEDES, Trenton, Mo.

A WORD MORE.—I must come again to say that Skipper told the truth, with regard to farmers' wives and daughters, just as straight as he could. Some again with some more such good, solid, common sense and you will be welcomed. I think "Practical" has a suitable name. I wish she would come again.

And now "Canna Bell" I would like to shake hands with you. You are right in what you said about daughters working at home, especially so little pay. I know girls who have taken the whole of the family upon their own shoulders when they were scarcely in their 'teens and have done it for years. These girls work as hard as woman can work and have no money of their own except what the eggs and chickens bring them, and often are expected, and do, spend part of that for the family. The children bother, tease and torment them, and often do not thank them for it at all. She must dress plainer, go less and save more than those who work away from home. She has more trouble, less sympathy.

And what girl is there, who has the family of children under her care, that can keep from fretting and worrying? Very few, indeed. Consequently she is homely and unattractive, and very likely in after years you will sneer at her and scornfully call her an "old maid," when she is really one of the best women in the world, for she has done her whole duty. And who is to blame? Her parents. Why will men and women persist in raising such large families? If there were fewer children mothers would live longer, healthier, happier lives, and how much better for the daughters, especially the eldest. I am not half done, but must close and get dinner for "those boys."—AUBURN PATIENCE.

A LITTLE TALE.—As there is no one to introduce me, I will introduce myself. I am a farmer's wife, and used to belong to that much abused class, "country school marms." Now, I do not wish to discuss the question whether school teachers, as a rule, make good housekeepers or not, but there is one thing I am sure they can do, and that is to build a fire.

I am much interested in the chicken talks of this department. I began last spring with 75 chickens, and sold during the year $70 worth of eggs and chickens, besides having all we needed for table use, and that was no small number. Have 125 to begin this season with.

I want to tell the ladies how to make a piece of fancy work that their husbands will enjoy. Cut a piece of pasteboard any pretty shape, the form of a pallette is the prettiest. Cover it with satin, any color, and paste embossed pictures on it. Take a newspaper or soft brown paper and double it as many times as you can to cut easily. Cut the same size of the paste-board and tie together with a ribbon through the thumb-hole of the pallette. Now hang it under the mirror, and if that husband of yours does not use some of that paper to cleam his razor on, then he must be a very stubborn man indeed.

Thanks to the lady who sends directions for the crocheted cape with ribbons. Will the kind editor please tell me whether these caps are to be worn by young ladies or only by old ones?—EM. CLEM.

By anyone, young or old.—ED.

FAIR PLAY.—I should like to get an expression of opinion in your columns on the following subject:

Certain papers, magazines, etc., are in the habit of advertising in glowing colors for "prize stories" very attractive rewards. Many pens go to work, stories are forwarded, stamps enclosed, and hope tells a flattering tale to many a needy one. At length the prizes are awarded, and lo, by a remarkable coincidence these prizes go to well known names! The remaining manuscripts sent in with it may be great need, as well as desire, for success, at an expense of time and effort the writers could illy afford, remain "the property of the paper," so reads the bond, and are used to run the paper as "padding," in company with the "prize stories." So, to run this kind of a publication, is cheap enough. The "prizes" being about what would necessarily be the average price from writers with a name, and stories from them must be had. A paper run for months in this way is a moneymaning scheme. The articles not published are pigeon-holed, and yield no profit of fame or money to the writers. Is this—FAIR PLAY?

MY VIEWS OF MATRIMONY.—I come to the front as one who has been a reader of the BLADE for quite a number of years; and I appreciate it beyond measure. I scrutinize the HOUSEHOLD department closely, and I think the editor's a grand and noble work.

I will give my sentiments in regard to the very young entering matrimony. I do not think any young lady or gentleman should marry while in their teens. I affirm if we conduct ourselves properly, and cultivate a moral principle, that from the age of 14 to 21 we are as ornaments in the society of the young and unmarried. Some may say: "Why not continue to take an active part in such society after marriage, if we are married while young." Well, I do not declare that they should not, but young unmarried people seem to have a prejudice against inviting married pairs to join their society, especially a social or soiree; and young married folks appear to have a prejudice against associating entirely with the older married ones, and therefore what class should they associate with to enjoy themselves?

Some get married at their first opportunity (no matter how young) for fear they will never have another chance, and, no doubt, hundreds of them think (when it is too late) that it would have been better had they never had a chance.

Young ladies, if you have a lover when young and discover that he is nearing the proposing point, do not allow him to converse with you on that subject, unless you think he will be content to wait until you have attained the proper age, and if he is content to wait, you may perhaps find, in course of time, that either your love or his has died away, and how much better find that out before you are married than after.

I claim one great reason there is so much contention and strife between married folks is that they get married ere they know whether their love is permanent or only a passing fancy, and find it to their sorrow to be the latter after they are married. I think if we wait till we are 25, we will then have trouble and sorrow enough to endure brought on us by attending to our household cares.

Do not ask the advice of the unmarried in regard to getting married while young, but take the advice of those who have had ten, fifteen or twenty years of experience, and I will venture to say there are not three out of a dozen will say get married while young.

I have heard it said, "young ladies get in a fidget after they are twenty for fear they will be old maids, and will accept an offer from any one." I am past twenty and unmarried, and I don't propose to confer such an honor upon any gentleman, just because he or some one else tells me I am going to be an old maid. When I marry I want a man that is not a fraud.—GOSSIP.

THE OTHER SIDE.—"One of Many Thousand" may be a much imposed upon woman and perhaps earns the money that her husband spends, but, sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, is it not just a little dishonorable, not to say anything about disloyalty, to take our husbands' faults to the BLADE, the neighbors, or to anybody but himself? How should we like to be treated so? Bless their dear hearts—the husbands I mean—are they not as nearly perfect as we women are? And if they happen to make a mistake, and maybe many of them do, had we not better have it out with them at home and settle the bargain (which should be that each will try to be less selfish in future) with a kiss? I think wives are as a rule just as faulty as their husbands, and any woman who cannot command the respect and love of her husband to that extent, that he will endeavor to treat her right in all ways—has the greatest fault of all. Better train our daughters to be good sisters and their brothers to be good brothers—and husbands and wives who are so much dearer to each other will not want to go to the BLADE to ease their own faulty hearts. If I go in the waste-basket I'll surely come again, for I must be heard.—EVA LENA.

Inquiries.

Directions for knitting a lace collar and a handkerchief are asked for by Maggie Thomson, Irving, Kan.

A "Homeless Widow" with child three years old wants to find a home in some family where she could make herself useful. She understands millinery and dressmaking, but is not strong enough to work at these trades, yet the knowledge would add to her usefulness. Eastern Ohio is preferred. Will some one write and give address for correspondence?

Nothing of the kind above will be inserted hereafter, as they really come under the head of advertisements, and are multiplying to such a degree as to render it impossible.—ED.

In the BLADE of March 18, some lady offers to give instructions for making wax fruit. Will she please tell where the wax is to be given through the BLADE, or can they be obtained only by sending directly to her?—A CONSTANT READER.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me of some good place in the West where I could take a course in kindergarten teaching? How long does it take to complete a course, and what are the expenses? Also, of some school where a lady could learn short-hand writing. I will feel very grateful to any one who will be so kind as to give me all the information they can on kindergarten teaching.—ALICE.

Can any one tell me what the little brown lice with red legs are that hatch out in the spring around the house? They are on the grass and plants. First they eat the leaves of the green young plants. They also come into the house, on the outside walls and windows and on the carpet near the baseboard. I have tried insect powder, sulphur and salt, and nothing seems to affect them, and every year I have had to sprinkle something around the house to try to destroy them, but I can destroy them or drive them away only until the smell is gone. I have found them wherever I have lived.—M. T. Porterville, N. Y.

Do any of the BLADE readers know a recipe for hot water sponge cake, if so, will they give it and oblige MRS. Ed. Ivens, Chicago?

Will any of the kind readers advise me what to do to support myself and baby? I have no parents or home. Recently I have had trouble doubled. I have catarrh so that it takes my strength. I am anxious to take good care of my baby. I have taught music some. Ought to go South or to some milder climate than Northern Kansas.—MRS. M. R. S. DANZA.

I would suggest this topic for discussion—the best methods of conducting a reading circle. We have one in our village, which is largely a help to those who wish to educate themselves. Can we not at least exchange our way of making interesting such entertainments? Our society would be glad to know something of the history of Will Carleton, also the author of the following quotation: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—S. N. CRAWFORD.

Will the editor, some member of the HOUSEHOLD, or any reader who can, please send to the columns for publication the "Legend of the Willow Ware?" As some may not know to what I refer, I will explain that the Willow Ware is the old-fashioned blue dishes which have the graceful (?) looking vegetation on, said to be willows. In their shadows is a bridge with three people crossing, apparently going from the castle, which is the most prominent building, to one less pretentious in the back ground. There is also a boat somewhere around, and I must not forget to mention the two doves with their bills near together, who seem to hover over the people, for these doves seem to be a sort of trade-mark, for they are always seen, though the dish may be so small as to exclude some other part of the picture. I am very anxious to get the story about it which I once read, about a year ago. If you are not able to copy the "legend" I would be very thankful if you would write it as you can remember it, as if you were simply telling it to me. I remember very little of it; only that a beautiful princess eloped with her lover, and the doves represent their united spirits. By replying soon you will convey a great favor on—A TEACHER.

Answers to Inquiries.

I want to tell you how I make a HOUSEHOLD journal. Some time ago I studied bookkeeping, and I saved my journals and ledgers. Now I take these nice nice large books, cut out every third leaf, and paste the recipes and other valuable items in. By this means I have made a journal that I would not exchange for any one I ever saw. If the readers wish I will give them a recipe for mince pies which I think very nice.—A. H.

"Alma L. Sanford" can clean her white silk handkerchief by washing it in gasoline. Unless it is too much soiled, it will look fresh and new. Be careful not to be near fire when using it.—ED.

If "Mrs. F. E. Barber," who writes in the BLADE of July 15, in regard to "eczema," will send a stamped envelope addressed to herself, to "Irena H. Cardwell," Little Rock, Ark., she can learn of a cure for that disease.

I want to say that "Clara's" cake recipe, which ever way it is tried, is simply delicious. To the lady asking for a way to prepare Siberian crabs, I will say: Take equal parts of vinegar and brown sugar. Spices to suite taste—the spices in a sack. Put into the vinegar, and boil till a good syrup. Take sound crabs; wash and drop into the syrup; cook till clear; can and seal tight. Prepared in this way, they are excellent—much nicer than either pickles or preserves. Or, make preserves of them and put in raisins enough to flavor. The improvement in the taste will be surprising.—KATE B

Will the Editor please insert the following for the benefit of "Discouraged" or any one else troubled with weak lungs? It is the use of the swing—one of the gymnastic exercises—a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. I use it every day and receive great benefit from it. It is the suspending of the body by the hands by means of a strong rope or chain fastened to a beam or limb of a tree at one end and at the other a stick three feet long easy enough to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the center of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Grasp the stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first, perhaps only bearing the weight, if very weak, and gradually increase the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be freely used from three to five times daily. Will "Discouraged" please try this and report at the end of three months through the HOUSEHOLD? I tried Mrs. Brosius's remedy, and received no benefit from it.—MRS. MARTHA HALL, Stewart, Minn.

The above may be used with great benefit, but it must be entered upon very carefully.—ED.

Will some one please inform me if it is proper to take a gentleman's hat when he calls to see you?—NELLIE

It is not necessary. Let him place it on the hat-rack or table in the hall if he chooses, or if he brings it in the room, as he may, if it is a short call, he will either properly retain it in his hand, or set it beside him on the floor.

You will do well to send a dollar to the Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, O., for "Social Etiquette," which answers such questions.—ED.

If "Pansy" will send her address to the BLADE, or to my address, I will send her some sea mosses for her memorial album that will please her.—MRS. A. M. KOZELL, Empire City, Coos Co., Oregon.

If "Peggy Short" will send a stamped envelope, I will send her a pretty pattern for crocheted tidy.—MRS. B. C. FINFROCK, Waynesville, Ill.

Please state the most polite way to ask to take a lady to a festival; also, to take her to the table. Does "Social Etiquette" answer such questions? Please answer in the BLADE.—A SUB'S SON.

Ask her if you may have the pleasure of her company to the festival. Ask her politely if you may take her to the table. If she accepts, offer her your arm to conduct her thither. "Social Etiquette" gives you full information as to how to conduct yourself in good society.—ED.

Recipes.

Cream Pies.—1 pt. good sweet cream, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon even full of flour, 1 pinch of salt, flavor with lemon extract and sweeten to taste. Beat the egg light, add the flour, then stir into the cream. The above is for one pie. Bake with one crust only. Put the lemon on the sugar.—ELLA, Fayetteville, Ark.

To Preserve Quinces.—Pare and core 1 peck each of quinces and sweet apples. Put in a steamer and steam until tender. Have your syrup ready, put your fruit into the syrup and slice in your lemons, and bring to a boil. This is the recipe my mother used and it was pronounced good.—MISS LIBBIE KING, Sodus, Mich.

Green Tomato Pickles.—"Rose Geranium" asks a recipe for pickling green tomatos, so I will give mine. I take them as near of a size as possible, cut a very thin piece off each end and throw away as they are tough, slice the remainder in two or three pieces according to thickness of tomato, but three or four is the cooking will mash them. Put in a crock, sprinkle plentifully with salt all through and let stand over night. In the morning wash well by putting in a collender and letting water run through until salt is well out. Put in a steamer, few at a time and steam until tender enough to stick a fork through. Have ready vinegar boiling hot, spiced and sweetened to taste. I use the whole spices, cloves, allspice and cinnamon, with plenty of the latter, and for my liking, make quite sweet. Pour over the tomatos, putting a plate in the crock to press them down so they will be covered with the vinegar. Let stand 24 hours and they are ready for use.

I pickle cabbage in the same way, using red in preference to white, as it is more tender; slice nicely, as for cold-slaw, and treat same as tomatos with the exception of steaming. Pour the hot spiced vinegar on the cold cabbage. Some have an idea it would be tough without cooking, but I never have found it so.—MRS. ED. IVENS, Chicago.

Mock Mince Pies.—3 Boston crackers rolled; 2 eggs; ½ cupful of butter; 1 cupful hot water; 1 cupful sugar; 1 cupful molasses; 1 cupful chopped raisins; ½ cupful vinegar, cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves and a little salt. Bake with two crusts, as cream pie. This will make three or four pies, according to size of plate. I tried Hattie's recipe for cookies, without eggs, and they are very nice.—A. L. H.

Salt Rising Bread.—Clara asks how to make salt rising bread, in the BLADE of February 18. I have never seen any way given, so will tell her. I have good bread, and bake it in the morning.

Take what soda can be held on the point of a penknife (a very little is required), twice as much salt, 5 heaping tablespoonfuls of coarse flour, ¼ teaspoonful ginger, put in a good-sized dish—I use a large bowl—pour boiling water on stirring fast till batter is thin enough to stop stirring, add water and stir thoroughly as it cakes easily. Then turn on the hot water till it is quite watery, stirring it all the time. Put this in a warm place and keep it so all night if possible and it will rise, very slowly. When foamy the dish will be nearly full (if not too large), and it can be set away and when you set rising put in three teaspoonfuls, that will be enough for a family of four or five. I hope these directions are plain.—MRS. J. E. NORTHRUP, Uister, Bradford county, Pa.

For Stiff Finger Joints.—For the benefit of MRS. A. E. Stephenson, I have used camphor gum dissolved in olive oil for stiff finger joints, and cured them by rubbing with it several times a day. At first I had taught music some. Ought to go South or to some milder climate than Northern Kansas.—MRS. M. R. S. DANZA.

To Cure Fleah Worms on the Face.—Apply to the effected parts, morning and evening, just after washing, spirits of camphor, (simply gum camphor dissolved in alcohol, usually kept by druggists). In long standing cases moderate doses of sulphur should be taken four or six successive mornings. No harm can result from the above remedy, unless too large doses of sulphur are taken and the patient gets wet. If directions are followed a cure will be effected in one or three weeks.—MONTA.

—If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LEESVILLE, O.	OAK GROVE, ILL.	WATTSBURG, PA.
Jennie Smith	Maud Zook	Ge'rgieSammons
Ida Smith	Lillian Maxey	Stella Foote
Mary Jennings	Susie Maxey	Jennie Cook
Laura E Smith	Lee Maxey	Kitty Clark
Grant Smith	Katie Zook	Minnie Maynard
John Thompson	Emma Baldridge	Belle L Sabin
Sherman Kendall	Ida Williamson	Eva Burnham
Curtis Smith	Lily Stephens	Orsa Fritts
Martin Easterday	Winnie King	Blanche Logan
HUME, MO.	Meta Joder	Mertie Wilbur
Walter A Hines	Rosie Burnett	Mary Clark
W McConnell	Effie Robertson	Florrie Wilbur
C B Standish	Magie Willi'ms	Cora Marts
Geo Standish	Nora King	Ada McAllister
Annie Standish	Mahlon Joder	Lizzie McDonnell
Mary Standish	S Williamson	Nellie Dunham
Wm Livingston	Elmer Stephens	Nettie Dunham
Geo Livingston	Jessie Moore	Mamie Barney
Ella Livingston	Lottie King	Orlo Chapin
Lida Livingston	Buddie Burnett	Clarence Allen
Otis E McConnell	Minnie Stephens	Lyra Thackstin
Ray McConnell	Loudon Burnett	Iza Munsee
Byron Shroyer	Eddie Stephens	Edith Harwood
Roof Shroyer	Mell Brown	Mabel Ulil
Clarence Armour	Simon Lantz	Ida Palmer
Mary Armour	Elbert Carlock	Clara Houghtal'g
Josie Armour	Johnny Carlock	Elmo Cross
John Purcell	E Schwartz	Clyde Whitford
Zack Purcell	Alph'us Carlock	Frank S Brooks
Etta Blaney	Clyde Carlock	Reed McDonnell
Aille C Hines	WELLINGTON, KAN.	Lee Davis
Roy Purcell	Ralph Katekin	BELGIT, O.
Clara Smith	Fanny Noe	Hallie Thompson
Harry Smith	Lucy Connant	J B Thompson
Jeter Briscoe	Cyril Trowbridge	W F Kirkbride
Barton Briscoe	May Keir	Arthur Oesch
Sam'l Briscoe	Lulu B Armond	Lena A Cobbs
Mattie Foster	Lena Lily	Emma M Brosius
Mollie Foster	Oscar Tucker	Estella Coppock
Nellie Foster	Eugene Phillips	Lucy Hartzell
Clara Briscoe	Jennie Sifferd	Beckie Godward
Tattie Briscoe	Albert Merrit	BELLEFONT, KAN.
BATTLE CREEK, IA.	Arthur Hasty	Allen D Crawford
Mamie Lewis	Willie Ferguson	Frank N Crawf'rd
Nevra Lewis	Mary Shore	Cora L Crawford
Jessie Lewis	Lena Pirts	SHARPSVILLE, IND
Fanny Lewis	Lottie Wheeler	N Hutchinson
Carrie Lewis	A Tinkham	Wm Hutchinson
Mary Betts	Eddie Hale	NORWOOD, WIS.
Perry Betts	Fred Curtis	Alvin Clifford
Ada Martin	Julia Johnston	David A Clifford
Lenna Ashley	Roscoe Morley	Walter Clifford
Cora Ashley	Joshua Ashley	Brooder Ellis
MASON CITY, IA.	Minnie Bolton	C Kleppinger
Ida W Dyteh	ELLSBURG, N. Y.	H Kleppinger
Emma J Wilcox	Henry Lias	Dellie Kinsey
Lizzie A Wilcox	Alfred Day	Charley Stewart
John W Wilcox	bell Hollister	Guy Stewart
W E Dyteh	Mary Hudson	Geo Franklin
Mary S Ryburn	Celia Colon	Jessie Franklin
Flora J Ryburn	Nellie Wiswell	Daisy Jakes
Lizzie Doderer	Maud Metcalf	Maggie Jakes
Minnie Doderer	May Rury	Harry Balkema
Nell A Ryburn	Nellie Tanner	Jos Henderson
W G Lillibridge	Pearl Holly	Dellie Mc Kinsey
Lavina Booth	Nelson Bedden	Charley Stewart
Emily Booth	Hubert Potter	Guy Stewart
Frank Booth	Nettie Shaver	Geo Franklin
Geo Booth	Alma Millard	Jessie Franklin
Fred J Kuppinger	May Colwell	Daisy Jakes
Herm H Doderer	Lizzie Webb	Maggie Jakes
Addison E Lilac	Mary Potter	Harry Balkema
Bertha M Reed	Wm Wright	Jos Henderson
L G Booth	Alson Chango	Dellie Mc Kinsey
KINGSLEY, IA.	L E Hudson	Carrie Mettie
Albert L Fields	CHICORA, PA.	M Knabenshue
Jessie E Fields	Ada Chalfant	Ben Knabenshue
Jennie E Fields	Edgar Chapman	Millie Richardson
Wesley Rathbun	Jos Durrance	CHARROS, O.
L Rathbun	Jesse Durrance	Lizzie Reno
Jas Wm Long	Jos Boothe	Ellen Reno
Elmer P Long	Mattie Pearce	Marshall Reno
John W Long	Jessie Whidden	Lizzie Reno
Armilia J Long	Jesse Whidden	B RUMTON, MO.
Lasa D Long	Lillian Whidden	Belle C Moon
Jos W Hemcock	Sarah Whidden	Sarah Briggs
Maggie Hemcock	Janie Lake	S Crocker
Lottie Bullis	Judah Lake	W T Whitaker
MULVANE, KAN.	Arthur Johnson	Lucy A Whitaker
G H Broughton, jr	FULTON, KAN.	Mary J Whitaker
J J Broughton	C T DeLano	P W Rollins
Mary Broughton	Joe Dalrymple	Belle Vanhooser
MARION, KAN.	Jas Dalrymple	J Petts
Lotta N Waite	Earnest Jones	MILL VILLAGE, PA.
BURNSIDE, MAINE	Oscar Burnham	Fred C Michael
TOBA.	Dick Knowler	Sadie E Aldrich
Ray Fox	Frank Culbertson	Lulu Mc ray
Arthur Fox	White Culbertson	Victor Mc Cray
MAGARINE, ARK.	Jerry Shadley	Gail Mc Cray
Eugene Oliver	Charlie DeLano	Grace L Liddicoat
Leona Oliver	Leigh Shadley	Bruce L Liddicoat
J F Garver	MIRABLE, MO.	W E Liddicoat
COTTONWOOD, IDAHO.	Linda Entrikin	Blanch Liddicoat
	Susie Entrikin	FINDLAY, KAN.
Kate H Hoberling	Elmer Entrikin	Chas Harris
Nellie Kribs	Eli Entrikin	WEYMORE, KAN.
Jos L Kribs	Chas Entrikin	Nellie Peret
Clarinda Kribs	Orval Crowning	Mary Havenas
Lilian Kribs	Willie Sell	Hattie Lilings
Geo L Kribs	Geo Sell	Eddie Cawood
Philip Kribs	Frank Sell	Ernest Cawood
ODESSA, MICH.	KEWANEE, ILL.	SAMARIA, MICH.
Mamie C Wright	F Cherry	Geo Fox
Wm M Wright	H D Cherry	Mike Bowman
Alice E Sickles	OSCEOLA, NEB.	XENIA, MO.
Dora D Begerow	Frank Coleman	R W Cochran
Dora D Cox	Fred Coleman	Maggie Evans

Names this week, 319. Total, 12,339.

THREE YEARS OLD.

Up in the morning early,
Breakfast and then to play;
The house is hurly-burly
All the rest of the day.

Cart in the hallway rolling;
Treading on pussy's tail;
Hoop in the kitchen rolling,
Upsetting pan and pail.

Ofttimes making a racket,
Knowing mamma will run
And whip 'oo 'ittle jacket,
Just a wee bit for fun.

Night time, tired and surly,
"Dusty man" gets in his eyes;
Hates to give up so early,
Wearily sobs and sighs.

Mamma unrobes her darling,
Kissi.g away his tears,
Sleep ends his tired snarling,
And that's your boy of three years.

THE NONANTICOOK BOAT CLUB VERSUS JOHNNY MAXWELL.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

"I've always thought as much as any of you that Johnny Maxwell was a square fellow, but I must say this looks *queer*," Dave Prescott emphasized this remark by significant head-shakings. "If he was going to hurt his arm, why couldn't he do it a week ago, when there would have been time to get somebody into training to take his place as stroke oar?"

There was a general murmur of assent to this as a telling proposition, although Lanse Trevor did protest somewhat faintly. "A fellow can't hurt himself just when he wants to, you know."

"Of course you're a particular friend of his," said Dave, as if that accounted for Lanse's lack of logic.

"I shouldn't be if I thought he had done anything crooked about this." And Lanse's very freckles seemed to radiate indignation at the thought. What was friendship to him compared to the honor of the club?

"He comes down here this morning, the very day before the race," continued Dave, "with his arm all bandaged up and in a sling, and he doesn't say what has happened to it, only that he can't row, and can't Ben Burbeck take his place? Anybody knows that would be giving the race to the Rob Roys."

Excited assent was expressed all around the group.

"Why wasn't he elected president again?" Dave went on, unpressively. "Because he was known to be too intimate with Gus Freeland, the president of the Rob

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

LIKE A MAN WITH TOO MUCH TANGLE LEG ON HIM.—I have a three-year old mare that walks like a man with too much tangle-leg down him. I can compare it to nothing else. She runs in pasture; is unbroken. She has been so for three or four days; sometimes falls down. What can be done for her?—D. M. COMBER, Hastings, Mich. [Your horse is troubled with indigestion. Give him a mild purge of raw linseed oil, say sixteen ounces, with a little ginger in it. After this has operated, give him bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered ginger, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, twenty grains. For one dose, twice daily. If the horse's hair is thick, have him clipped. Fomenting the belly with blankets, wet with hot water, may be used for one day in addition to the above. —ED.]

C. A. W., Smiley, O.—If the swelling on the ox's leg is like a wind puff, apply the following: Oleate of mercury, made by heating oleic acid with red precipitate. Any druggist will make it for you. Rub once a day, washing before each application with soap and tipid water. Petroleum well rubbed in will at times answer, but the oleate of mercury is the more certain. If the lump is a tumor, get a veterinary to lance it and inject it with chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water, 1 quart.—ED.

FIRE BLIGHT.—Will some one please tell me what ails my pear trees? I have been watching and reading the BLADE carefully to see if I could see anything that was good for pear blight, for I think that is what ails them. They turn black at the tops and keep getting black towards the roots and still the sprouts are green at the root. They are 3 years old and were a thrifty looking tree until now. Would do me a great favor by letting me know through the BLADE.—F. EBERLE, Westfield, Pa.—[The pear blight has, we believe not been traced to its cause; but the remedy is to cut off all diseased parts and burn them. This blight spreads rapidly, and it is necessary even to cut off the whole head of several valuable trees rather than incur the loss of the entire trees. Stagnation of the sap is mostly caused by barrenness of the soil, and too much water at the roots. The remedy is cultivate, are underdraining and manuring.—ED.]

FOOLISHNESS.—I have a very large mare, 9 years of age. She has always been gentle and trusty. Her neck became sore, which made her foolish. I cured this but did not cure her foolishness. It is almost impossible to put the collar on her, or take it off without using a twitch. After she is harnessed she is all right and quiet. Please advise me how to handle her in a manner that she will become more gentle again.—V. O. W. Lisconb, Iowa.—[The parts that were sore may yet be tender. The horse, a mare, is cautious for a long time about touching or having touched a spot where a sore existed, and even if your mare's neck is entirely well, she is yet timid about having pressure upon it. We think you make a great mistake in using the twitch, as you create fear in the animal by it. Gentle handling is necessary in the first little while. "The Art of Training Horses," by the great horse tamers, Powell and Earey, the latter tells how to train and make a horse gentle, and we here give it, that you may know that the twitch may be dispensed with by properly handling your mare. He says: Cause your horse to be put into a small yard, stable or room, or if in a field or lane it ought to be a large one, in order to give him more exercise with the halter, before you lead him out. If the horse belongs to that class which appears only to fear man, you must introduce yourself gently into the stable, room or yard where the horse is. He will naturally run from you, and frequently turn his head from you; but you must walk about extremely slow, so that he can see you, and whenever he turns his head towards you, which he never fails to do in a short time, say in a quarter of an hour, or half an hour—I never knew one to be much longer without turning towards me —at the very moment he turns his head, hold out in your left hand towards him, and stand perfectly still, keeping your eyes upon the horse, and watching his motions, if he makes any. If the horse does not stir for ten or fifteen minutes, advance as slowly as possible, and without making the least noise, always holding out your left hand, without any thing in it.—F. B. Moline, Ill. [Your pig is suffering from a bad case of smallex, or catarrh in the head. Keep the animal well housed and have the pen perfectly clean. Rub mustard flour on the throat and chest, and give a tonic of sulphate of iron in the feed. Smear half an ounce of tar well back on the tongue every other day for a week.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

UMBILICAL HERNIA.—I saw an inquiry in the BLADE a week or two ago for a cure for a ruptured colt, and for the benefit of my brother farmes will give my experience: Two years ago I had a valuable colt ruptured at naval, producing what the doctors called Umbilical Hernia. When I first noticed it there was a pouch about the size of a hickory nut. In two or three weeks it had enlarged to the size of a hen's egg. I then thought I would try bandaging it, and for that purpose I got a yard of best bedticking and made a bandage of three thicknesses and six inches wide. In the middle of this, where it would come against the rupture, I placed a flat smooth piece of leather six inches square. On ends of bandage I sewed straps and buckles to buckle on back. Then to prevent bandage from working back and wrinkling it, I fastened straps to front edge of bandage and passed them around the breast of colt, and other straps over shoulder to hold them up. In fact had a harness and forms an abscess. When this breaks the animal is relieved. This form of nassal catarrh is confined to horned cattle. Catarrhs result from colds. To treat, inject olive oil in the nostrils, to keep the secretions from drying, and have the animal inhale steam from a hot bran mash in a nose bag. The nostrills should be syringed with a disinfectant solution, say of carbolic acid and water—a quarter of an ounce of the former to a gallon of water. When there is a cough the throat and breast should be well rubbed with mustard stirred up in boiling water. When there is no fever, give gualcum, two ounces; sassafras root, one ounce; water, one quart. Boil to a pint and add one ounce of liquorice stick. When dissolved, strain and give in two doses night and morning. The disease is not rinderpet, which is a malignant, contagious disease, and death usually occurs on the seventh day.—ED.]

BELLY TOO LARGE.—I have a yearling colt that is of fast stock, but it has too large a belly, which I would like very much to have reduced. Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE please tell me what to do for it, if anything?—LIGE WILLIAMS, Williams, Ind. [We know of nothing that will reduce the size of the belly and give symmetry to the colt. Under careful treatment, he will very likely make a well formed horse as he grows older.—ED.]

SNEEZING PIGS.—I have been reader of the BLADE for some time, and never asked any questions, will ask one: What ails my pig, I have had her for months. She has a peculiar cough—it is not really a cough, but it seems to be a cough and sneeze combined—a sound of squeeky nose. She is growing finely, but has the same bleed some times. I keep her in a tight board floored pen. Please tell me what ails her and what to do. Will some of the readers of the BLADE give me a recipe for making cheese, same as is made in factories, and all the different processes it goes through. I would like to try making it.—F. B. Moline, Ill. [Your pig is suffering from a bad case of smallex, or catarrh in the head. Keep the animal well housed and have the pen perfectly clean. Rub mustard flour on the throat and chest, and give a tonic of sulphate of iron in the feed. Smear half an ounce of tar well back on the tongue every other day for a week.—ED.]

Received.

Fall catalogue of bulbs, flowers, small fruits and selected farm seeds for autumn planting. Johnston & Stokes, Philadelphia.

Science Baffled.

Young Man—Is it true, Doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to 'soften the brain?

Physician—There is a belief to that effect, but, with all our boasted modern scientific appliances it can never be verified.

Young Man—Why, doctor?

Physician—Because nobody with brains ever smokes them.

The Smallest Fee on Record.

The smallest fee on record was received by one of the Van Buren, Ark., attorneys last week. A man came to his office and some papers drawn up. When the work was drawn up he asked what the bill was. The man of law replied: "Just what you think is right." To his astonishment the man handed him a one and a two-cent piece.

An Inventor's Advice.

George Stevenson when advising young men how to get on would finish by saying, "Do not I have done—persevere." For fifteen years he plodded and worked before giving the finishing touches to his locomotive. In as many days those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," have experienced great relief and found themselves on the high road to health. Liver complaint, impure blood, chronic lung diseases and many others yield to its healing influences never to return. All druggists.

Answers to Inquiries.

POWDERED IODIDE OF POTASS, 3 ounces; powdered calchicum, 2½ ounces; mix. Make into 20 powders.—ED.]

AN OLD HORSE.—Please tell me through your paper what is good for an old horse. He has no appetite. He eats hay and grass, but no corn or oats, or ground feed. I have used condition powders, but they did not help him. He is so poor that he cannot work. I had him twice to a horse doctor and had his teeth attended to, but it did him no good. Can anything be done for him?—D. VAN WINSER, Zell, Dakota. [The great majority of condition powders do more harm than good. Very likely your horse's teeth have been worn until he cannot chew corn or oats. To bring your horse up to good condition, he should be well brushed and clipped, if possible. An ounce of saltpetre should be given every other day for a week in a mash, to excite the kidneys. The bowels should be cleaned out with a dose of aloes, say five drachms, with half a drachm of powdered ginger. If this does not cause an appetite in two weeks, give him this: Fowler's solution of arsenic, half an ounce, iodide of potash, half an ounce; water, one pint. Mix into a draught with water or gruel. If your veterinary pronounced your horse's teeth in good condition, it will be safe when he recovers his disposition to eat to give him corn and oats, but if his teeth are not in condition to masticate, you must feed him entirely on chopped and ground feed. If he cannot crush the corn with his teeth indigestion and constant poor condition will result.—ED.]

NASAL CATARRH.—Being a subscriber of your valuable paper, I venture to ask, what is the matter with my cows? Last spring one or two commenced coughing; the trouble seemed contagious, one after another taking it, until now every cow has a severe cough, and at times will stand with mouth open, tongue protruding and panting for breath. This passes off in two or three minutes. Their hair looks rough, otherwise they seem hearty and well. Are these symptoms reinderpest? Any information given through these columns will be most thankfully received.—J. R. NEWPAR. [In some localities cattle are subject to a stoppage of the nasal passages by a thickening of the skin or by the swelling of the lining membrane. This results in heavy breathing, and they evict a snoring sound, which has been given the local name of "snores" or "snivels." On examination at times a swelling inside is detected in the nostrils, which nearly fills the passage, and later horns and forms an abscess. When this breaks the animal is relieved. This form of nassal catarrh is confined to horned cattle. Catarrhs result from colds. To treat, inject olive oil in the nostrils, to keep the secretions from drying, and have the animal inhale steam from a hot bran mash in a nose bag. The nostrils should be syringed with a disinfectant solution, say of carbolic acid and water—a quarter of an ounce of the former to a gallon of water. When there is a cough the throat and breast should be well rubbed with mustard stirred up in boiling water. When there is no fever, give gualcum, two ounces; sassafras root, one ounce; water, one quart. Boil to a pint and add one ounce of liquorice stick. When dissolved, strain and give in two doses night and morning. The disease is not rinderpet, which is a malignant, contagious disease, and death usually occurs on the seventh day.—ED.]

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TALMAGE IN ONTARIO.

How Naomi of Old was Blessed by a Daughter-in-Law's Love—The Five Choices Which Ruth Made in Leaving the Land of Moab.

GRIMSBY, Ont., Aug. 22.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is attending this old historical camp-meeting for the third time. People from all parts of Canada attended the service to-day, at which he was the preacher. His text was Ruth i, 16 and 17: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Following is Dr. Talmage's sermon:

Famine in Judah. Upon fields distinguished for fertility, the blight came, and at the door of princely abodes. Want knocked. Turning his back upon his house and his lands, Elimelech took his wife Naomi and his two sons, and started for the land of Moab in search of bread. Getting into Moab, his two sons married idolaters —Ruth, the name of one, Orpah, the name of the other. Great calamities came upon that household. Elimelech died and his two sons, leaving Naomi, the wife, and the two daughters-in-law. Poor Naomi! in a strange land, and her husband and two sons dead. She must go back to Judah. She cannot stand it in a place where every thing reminded her of her sorrow. Just as now, sometimes you see persons moving from one house to another, or from one city to another, and you cannot understand it until you find out that it is because there were associations with a certain place that they could no longer bear. Naomi must start for the land of Judah; but how shall she get there? Between Moab and the place where she would like to go there are deserts; there are wild beasts ranging the wilderness; there are savages going up and down, and there is the awful Dead Sea. Well, you say, she came over the road once, she can do so again. Ah! when she came over the road before she had the strong arms of her husband and her two sons to defend her; now they are all gone. The hour of parting has come and Naomi must be separated from her daughter-in-law, Ruth and Orpah. They were tenderly attached, these three mourners. They had bent over the same sick bed; they had moved in the same funeral procession; they had wept over the same grave. There the three mourners stand talking. Naomi thinks of the time when she left Judah with a prince for her companion. Then they all think of the marriage festivals, when Naomi's two sons were united to these women who have now exchanged the wreath of the bride for the veil of the mourner. Naomi starts for the land of Judah, and Ruth and Orpah resolved to go a little way along with her. They have gone but a short distance when Naomi turns around and says to her daughters-in-law: "Go back. Better be days of brightness yet for you in your native land. I can't bear to take you away from your home and the homes of your kindred. I am old and troubled. Go not along with me. The Lord deal gently with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." But they persisted in going, so the three travelled on until after awhile Naomi turns around again and begs them to go back. Orpah takes the suggestion, and after a sad parting goes away; but Ruth, grand and glorious Ruth, turns her back upon her home. She says: "I can't bear to let that old mother go alone. It is my duty to go with her." And throwing her arms around the weeping Naomi, she pours out her soul in the tenderness, the pathos, and Christian eloquence of my text: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Five choices Ruth made in that text, and five choices must we all make if we ever want to get to heaven.

I.—In the first place, if we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian's God. Beautiful Ruth looked up into the wrinkled face of Naomi and said: "Thy God shall be my God." You see it was a change of gods. Naomi's God was Jehovah; Ruth's god was Chemosh, the divinity of the Moabites, whom she had worshiped under the form of a black star. Now she comes out from under that black-starred divinity, and takes the Lord in whom there is no darkness at all; the silver-starred divinity to whom the metcor pointed down in Bethlehem; the sunshiny God of whom the Psalmist wrote: "The Lord God is a sun." And so, my friends, if we want to become Christians we must change gods. This world is the Chemosh to most people. It is a black-starred god. It can heal no wounds. It can wipe away no sorrows. It can pay no debts. It can save no undying soul. It is a great cheat, so many thousand miles in character and so many thousand miles in circumference. If I should put this audience under oath, one-half of them would swear that this world is a liar. It is a bank which makes large advertisements of what it has in the vaults and of the dividends that it declares, and tells us that if we want happiness, all we have got to do is to come to that bank and apply for it. In the hour of need, we go to that bank to get happiness, and we find that the vaults are empty, and all realibilities have absconded and we are swindled out of everything. O thou black-starred Chemosh, how many are burning incense at thy shrine!

Now, Ruth turned away from this god Chemosh, and she took Naomi's God. Who was that? The God that made the world and put you in it. The God that fashioned the heaven and filled it with blissful inhabitants. The God whose lifetime study it has been to make you and his creatures happy. The God who watched us in childhood, and led us through the gauntlet of infantile distresses, feeding us when we were hungry, pillowing us when we were somnolent, and sending his only Son to wash away our pollution with the tears and blood of his own eye and heart, and offering to be our everlasting rest, comfort and ecstacy. A loving God. A sympathetic God. A great-hearted God. An all-encompassing God. A God who flings himself on this world in a very abandonment of everlasting affection. The clouds, the veil of His face. The sea, the aquarium of His palace. The stars, the dew-drops on His lawn. The God of Hannah's prayer, and Esther's consecration, and Mary's broken heart, and Ruth's loving and bereft spirit. O choose ye between Chemosh and Jehovah! The one service is pain and disappointment; the other service is brightness and life. I have tried both. I chose the service of God because I was ashamed to do otherwise. I felt it would be imbecile for me to choose Chemosh above Jehovah.

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

"O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him that merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house
While to His sacred throne I move.

"High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till all in life's last hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

II. Again: If we want to be Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must take the Christian's path: "Where thou goest, I will go," cried out the beautiful Moabitess to Naomi, the mother-in-law. Dangerous promise that. There were deserts to be crossed. There were jackals that came down through the wilderness. There were bandits. There was the Dead Sea. Naomi says: "Ruth, you must go back. You are too delicate to take this journey. You will give out in the first five miles. You cannot go. You have not the physical stamina or the moral courage to go with me." Ruth responds: "Mother, I am going anyhow. If I stay in this land I will be overborne of the idolaters, so I go along with you; I shall serve God. Give me that bundle. Let me carry it. I am going with you, mother, anyhow."

And if we want to serve God we must do as Ruth did, crying out: "Where thou goest, I will go." Never mind the Dead Sea, Afoot or horseback. If there be rivers to ford, we must ford them. If there be mountains to scale, we must scale them. If there be enemies to fight, we must fight them. It requires grit and pluck to get from Moab to Judah. Oh, how many Christians there are who can be diverted from the path by a quiver of the lip, indicative of scorn! They do not surrender to temptation, but they bend to it. And if in a company there be those who tell us, we go to that bank to get happiness, and we find that the vaults are empty, and all realibilities have absconded and we are swindled out of everything. O thou black-starred Chemosh, how many are burning incense at thy shrine!

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III. Again I remark: If we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose the Christian's habitation. "Where thou lodgest, will I lodge," cried Ruth to Naomi. She knew that wherever Naomi stopped, whether it were a hovel or mansion, there would be a Christian home, and she would be in it. What do I mean by a Christian home? I mean a home in which the Bible is the chief book; a home in which the family kneel in prayers; a home in which father and mother are practical Christians; a home in which on Sabbath, from sunrise to sunset, there is profitable converse and cheerful song and suggestions of a better world. Whether the wall be frescoed or not, or only a ceiling of unplaned rafters; whether marble lions are couchant at the front entrance, or a plain latch is lifted by a tow string, that home is the ante-chamber of heaven. A man never gets over having lived in such an early home. It holds you in an eternal grip. Though your parents may have been gone 40 years, the tears of penitence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in your memory. Nay, do you not now feel warm and hot on your hands the tears which that mother shed 30 years ago, when, one cold winter night, she came and wrapped you up in the bed and prayed for your welfare here and for your everlasting welfare before the throne?

O ye who are to set up your own home, see that it be a Christian home! Let Jesus make the wine at that wedding. A home without God is an awful place, there are so many perils to threaten it and God himself is so bitterly against it; but "the Lord encampeth around about the habitation of the just." What a grand thing it is to have God stand guard at the door, and the Lord Jesus the family physician; and the wings of angels the canopy over the pillow; and the Lord of glory a perpetual guest. You say it is important that the wife and the mother be a Christian. I say to you it is just as important that the husband and father be a Christian. Yet, how many clever men there are who say: "My wife does all the religion of my house. I am a worldly man; but I have confidence in her, and I think she will bring the whole family up all right." It will not do, my brother. The fact that you are not a Christian has more influence on your family than the fact that your wife is a Christian. Your children will say: "Father is a very good man; he is not a Christian, and if he can risk the future, I can risk the future." O father and husband! Join your wife on the road to heaven, and at night gather your family at the altar. Do not say: "I can't pray. I am a man of few words, and I don't think I could put half a dozen sentences together in such a prayer." You can pray; you can. If your child were down with scarlet fever, and the next hour were to decide its recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs, and groans, and paroxysms of earnestness. Yes, you can pray.

The eternal life of your children may depend upon your supplication, let your knees limber and go down; but if you still insist that you cannot compose a prayer, then buy or borrow a prayer-book of the Episcopal church, and gather your family, and put your prayer-book on a chair, and kneel down before it, and in the solemn and hushed presence of God pour out all your sorrows, and temptations, and sins, and cry out: "Good Lord, deliver us."

IV.—Again, I remark: If we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose Christian associations. "Thy people shall be my people," cried out Ruth to Naomi. "The folks you associate with, I want to associate with. They will come and see me, and I will go and see them. I want to move in the highest of all circles, the circle of God's elect; and, therefore, mother, I am going back with you to the land of Judah." Do you who are seeking after God—and I suppose there are many such in this presence—do you who are seeking after God prefer Christian society to worldly society? Then, as Ruth said, "I prefer the world's mirth, and the world's finendo, and the world's laughter, and the world's paraphernalia."

Well, this is a free country, and you shall have the right of choice; but let me tell you that the purest mirth, and the most untrammelled mirth, and the greatest resistance of soul are inside Christian companionship, and not outside of it. I have tried both styles of companionship—the companionship of the world and the companionship of Christ; and I know by experience. I have been now so long in the sunshine of Christian society that I cannot tell when I am compelled to go for a little while amid intense worldly society, I feel depressed. It is like going out of a June garden into an ice-house. Men never know fully how to laugh until they become Christians. The world's laughter has a jerk of dissatisfaction at the end; but when a man is consecrated to God, and he is all right for the world to come, then when he laughs, body, mind and soul crackle. Let a group of ministers of the gospel, gathered from all denominations of Christians, be together in a dining-hall, or in a social circle, and you have a prolific source of jollyfocund. O, ye unconverted people! I know not how you can stand it down in that moping, bilous, saturnine, worldly association. Come up into the sunlight of Christian society—those people for whom all things are working right now, and will work right forever. I tell you that the sweetest japonicas grow on the highest garden; that the largest grapes are from the vineyards of Canaan; that the most sparkling floods break forth from the Rock of Ages. Do not too much pity this Ruth of my text; for she is going to become joint owner of the great harvest-fields of Boaz.

V. Once more: If we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose the Christian's death and burial. She exclaimed: "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I think we all, when leaving this world, would like to be surrounded by Christian influences. You would not like to have your dying pillow surrounded by caricaturists, and punsters, and wine tibbers. How would you like to have John Leech come with his London pictorials, and Christopher North with his loose fun, and Tom Hood with his rhyming jokes, when you are dying? No! No! No! Let me have a Christian nurse in my last sickness. Let me have a Christian physician to administer the medicines. Let it be a Christian wife, or parent, or child, that watches the going out of the tides of my mortal existence. Let Christian men come in the room and read of the illuminated valley, and the extinguishment of grief, and drown the hoarse blasts of death with the strains of "Mount Pisgah" and "Saint Martin."

In our last moment we will all be children. Said Dr. Guthrie, the famous Scotch clergymen, when dying: "Sing me a bairn's hymn." Yes, we will all be children then. In that hour the world will stand confounded around us. Our friends may cry over us; tears will not help us. They may look sad; what we want is radiation in the last moment, thinking it will help them. O our last moments! what we want that bread which came down from heaven. Who will give it to us? Oh, we want Christian people in the room so that if our hope begins to struggle they may say: "Courage, brother! all is well! Courage!" In that expiring moment I want to hear the old songs that we used to sing in church and prayer meeting. In that last moment I want to hear the voice of some Christian friend pleading that the sins and shortcomings of my life may be forgiven, and the doors of heaven may be opened before my entranced spirit.

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high."

Yes; Christian people on either side of the bed, and Christian people at the foot of the bed, and Christian people to close my eyes, and Christian people to carry me out, and Christian people to look after those whom I leave behind, and Christian people to remember me a little while after I am gone "Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Sometimes an epitaph covers up more than it expresses. Walking through Greenwood Cemetery I have sometimes seen an inscription which impressed me how hard the sculptor and friends were trying to make out a good story in stone. I saw from the inscription that the man or woman buried there had died without home. The inscription told me the man was a member of Congress, or a bank president, or some prominent citizen, but said nothing about his soul's destiny. The body is nothing. The soul! The soul! And here by this inscription I see that this man was born in 1800 and died in 1875. Seventy-five years on earth, and no Christian hope! Oh, if in all the cemeteries of your city the graves of those who have gone out of this world unprepared should speak on the wind, who would have the nerve to drive through such a place? If all those who have gone out of this world unprepared could come back to-day and float through the air, telling the story of their discomfiture, this audience would fall flat on its face, asking to be rescued from the avalanche of horror.

My hearers, do you wonder that this Ruth of my text made the Christian's choice and closed it with the ancient form of imprecation upon her own soul if she ever forsook Naomi: "The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me?" They were to live together. Come the jackals, come the bandits, roll on, DeadSea! My hearers, would you not like to be with your Christian friends forever? Have there not gone out persons from your household whom you would like to spend eternity with? They were mild and loving, and gentle and beautiful while here. You have no idea that the joys of heaven have made them worse. Choose their Christ and you may have their heaven. They went in washed through the blood of the Lamb, and you must have the same glorious ablution. With holy violence I put my hands on you to-day, to push you on toward the immediate choice of this only Savior. Have Him you must, or perish world without end. Elect this moment as the one of contrition and transport. Oh, give one intense, earnest, believing, loving gaze into the wounds opened for your eternal salvation.

Some of you I confront, for the first and last time until the Judgment, and then we shall meet. Will you be ready?

News of the Week.

COL. BOLTON'S ARREST.

He is Sent to Jail on a Charge of Robbing the Chicago Postoffice.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Col. W. H. Bolton, late superintendent of second-class matter in the postoffice, was rearrested yesterday on a warrant sworn out by Inspectors Bassett and Kidder. The discoveries of the inspectors, it is claimed, show a defalcation of nearly $12,000, which is daily increasing.

Col. Bolton was brought before Commissioner Hoyne. Mr. Pierce, Col. Bolton's attorney, argued that it was another competent nor legal for the commissioner to consider the case again. District Attorney Ewing maintained that there was good legal authority for asking to have Col. Bolton held in a larger sum, and asked that the bonds be increased to $25,000 on the embezzlement charge, and remain at $15,000 on the conspiracy charge.

Mr. Pierce said that was simply outrageous. Col. Bolton had a good record, had made no attempt to escape, and yet he was pressed as if he was a common thief. "The matter ceases to be prosecution, and becomes persecution," concluded Mr. Pierce.

Commissioner Hoyne decided to hold Col. Bolton in the sum named by Mr. Ewing, and Mr. Pierce offered himself as security. Mr. Ewing did not think him good beyond the bonds he had already signed, and declined to accept him.

Col. Bolton approached the commissioner at this juncture, and said, angrily: "Make out your commitment, and I'll go to jail. You have done everything you can to disgrace and persecute me; now do your worst."

The papers were made out. The inspectors say that on the night previous to Col. Bolton's first arrest they examined his safe at his office, and found in a private box a check book and two small note books, containing a memoranda of the alleged stealings during the months of March, April, May, October, November and December, 1885. The accuracy of this memoranda, it is said, has been verified by the investigations.

Col. Bolton was taken to the jail last evening, but at a late hour was allowed to leave in charge of a deputy United States marshal, and spend the night at a hotel.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—The deficit in the accounts of Col. Bolton, late superintendent of second class matter in the postoffice here, continues to increase as the inspectors proceed in their investigation, and amounts to between $12,000 and $18,000 in all. Of this amount $1,000 was found yesterday. Of the 400 papers in Chicago, only the mail accounts of 108 have as yet been examined. Col. Bolton is still in the county jail. He failed to find $15,000 additional bail as required, and his first bondsmen, Cole, has asked to be relieved from the first bond of $15,000. Accordingly he has been formally surrendered to the government, and returned to the county jail. United States Attorney Ewing yesterday issued a warrant of attachment out of the United States Circuit court against the real and personal property of Col. Bolton.

The action of the district attorney does not relieve Col. Bolton's bondsmen, Coles and Perce, but is simply done to secure the government against loss. Col. Bolton's property thus far discovered amounts to about $30,000, and consists chiefly in real estate on Drexel boulevard. He deeded some of his property to his bondsman, Col. Perce, to protect him, but the government has proved gratuitous that as well as any other in possession. The property will be held subject to any judgment that may be obtained against the prisoner.

NORTHERN MONTANA.

The Grass Dead and Cattlemen Discouraged at the Outlook.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—A resident of Butte City, Mont., who is in Chicago as a delegate to the Irish National League convention, said yesterday that the grass throughout Northern Montana was almost entirely dead, and cattle were suffering greatly. So much so that the feeling among the cattlemen was growing serious, and the managers of the larger ranches were contemplating driving their cattle into British America to save them from perishing.

It was reported among cattlemen in Montana that the Canadian government had decided to impose a duty of 15 per cent on all cattle driven into the Dominion after September 15, but the ranchmen would fight this with the argument that they would not ship an animal over the Canadian Pacific railroad if the tax was put on. Ranchmen had said that an inch of snow next winter would place the cattle in a worse condition as to danger of starving than six inches of snow fall would with the ordinary growth of prairie grass under it, as in other years.

There had been but few short showers in Montana since April. The herders who were in the business on a small scale were much better off than those who had large herds, for they generally raised some hay wherewith to feed their stock in winter. The heavy English companies would suffer to a great extent.

COWARDLY DOUBLE MURDER

In Cherokee Nation—Father and Son Shot Down—Both Dead.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Aug 21.—Information has reached here of a bloody tragedy in the Cherokee Nation, Sunday evening, at a point twelve miles above Webber's Falls. It seems Lock Langley and Thomas Monroe had some trouble a day or two previous about some stock breaking into a field. Sunday evening Monroe and his family started to church, and when a short distance from home were overtaken by Langley, who was armed with a double-barreled shot gun. On coming up to the party he began cursing and swearing at Monroe, and Monroe told him that if he had his gun with him he could not treat him in that manner. Langley replied: "Go and get your gun."

Monroe then told his oldest son, Allen, to go and get it. The boy started, but had only got a short distance when Langley shot him in the back with a load of buckshot, and then turned and shot a similar load into the body of old man Monroe. Both father and son died immediately.

The tragedy was witnessed only by the wife and small children of the murdered man and his son. All of them were members of the Cherokee Nation, and this comes under the jurisdiction of the Cherokee courts, hence the punishment Langley deserves may never be meted to him.

Knights of the Golden Rule.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—The Knights of the Golden Rule elected the following officers: Past supreme commander, J. S. R. Thompson, of South Carolina; supreme commander, S. Bernard, of Louisville; supreme vice-commander, John D. Irving, of Toledo; supreme secretary, T. J. Smith, of Cincinnati; supreme treasurer, O. F. Adams, of Macon, Ga.; supreme prelate, Sir Knight Curtis; of Boston; supreme herald, Mr. Tuttle, of South Carolina; supreme warder, William McCoy, of Louisville; supreme sentinel, Mr. Bowker, of Massachusetts; supreme trustees, Dr. C. B. Gibson, of Philadelphia, George Menz, of Louisville, and Robert W. Haynes, of Jackson, Tenn.; supreme medical examiner, Dr. C. C. Higgins, of Chicago.

Charged with Murdering His Daughter.

FRANKLIN, O., Aug. 21.—Suspicion has at last fallen upon Chris. Holwagen and he has been arrested, charged with the murder of his 13-year old daughter, who was reported outraged and killed by a boatman. It is now thought that the father, becoming angry at the girl's delay on her errand to town, met her and struck her with more violence than he intended, and that he afterwards tore her clothing and cut her body to give color to the story of outrage and murder.

The Ohio Soldiers' Home.

SANDUSKY, Aug. 19.—At a meeting to-day of the trustees of the State Soldiers and Sailors Home to be built here, it was decided to build the home on a tract of land belonging to Dewitt and Schlessman, a couple of miles south of the city and containing 90 acres. Plans and specifications will be secured soon as possible and the work of constructing building will be commenced in the near future.

Brains Dashed Out.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 21.—Ex-Councilman Thomas Reed met with a terrible death while returning from the Twentieth district congressional convention at Akron, at which he was a delegate. While leaning from the platform of the car on the train his brains were dashed out against a girder on the bridge near the peninsula.

A DESPERATE VILLAIN.

A Wife Murderer Escapes from Jail—Recaptured, He Jumps from a Train Going 25 Miles an Hour.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 20.—Information has just reached here of a terrible tragedy in Stewart county. About two weeks ago Mrs Verhaines sued her husband, William Verhaines, for divorce, alleging cruelty and inhuman treatment. A short separation preceded the divorce, during which time Mrs. Verhaines stayed at the house of her father, Mr. Keats. Last Saturday Keats and family attended a barbecue, Mrs. Verhaines going with them. Verhaines, hearing of this, took a position on the roadside. He did not wait long before the wagon came by with Mr. and Mrs. Keats, an unmarried daughter, Mrs. Verhaines and several children. They were stopped by Verhaines, who commanded his wife to go home with him. She refused, and he opened fire on the party with two revolvers, firing ten shots, one of which struck Mrs. Verhaines in the left side near the heart, and which will prove fatal. Another shot struck Miss Keats in the thigh, making a fatal wound. Keats's team became unmanageable, placing the party entirely at the mercy of Verhaines.

Verhaines was arrested shortly after the shooting, but soon escaped. Great excitement prevailed. He was hotly pursued by a mob. Wednesday morning he was captured

WASHINGTON.

Oberly on Civil Service.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—So mad are the Democrats over the appointment of Webster, the Republican, as chief examiner of the Civil Service commission, that Commissioner Oberly has been forced to rise and explain. He says that a Republican was only chosen because it was necessary that the Republican party have some representation among the subordinate offices of an organization that had been created to carry out what is intended to be a non-partisan board. Oberly says that all the other subordinates on the commission are Democrats, which shows that "reform" has taken hold of the board, for a year or two ago it was charged that it was wholly a Republican institution, and now it is asserted that the only Republican official under the commission is the one that has just been appointed.

A Bond Call for $15,000,000.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—Acting Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild this afternoon issued a call for $15,000,000 3 per cent. bonds, to mature on October 1, next. The bonds included in this call are as follows:

$50—Original No. 104 to No. 123, both inclusive.

$100—Original No. 1,522 to No. 1,677, both inclusive.

$500—Original No. 650 to No. 728, both inclusive.

$1,000—Original No. 4,207 to No. 4,996, both inclusive.

$10,000—Original No. 10,218 to No. 11,-063, both inclusive.

Total $15,000,000.

Strange Affair on the Falkland Islands.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Sec. Bayard has received a dispatch from the United States consul at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, giving an account of a slide of peat which occurred on the night of June 2, causing loss of life and great destruction of property. For three days previous a rain storm had prevailed there. About 8 o'clock in the evening the bog began to quake, and finally, with a noise like thunder, it broke loose, the bog down upon the town, carrying away everything in its course, blocking up the streets and piling up the peat in places to the height of six or eight feet. Solid stone walls were rent asunder, fences, porches, iron lamp posts were torn away and swept before its mass. The bewildered people thought their town was being destroyed by an earthquake. The avalanche lasted only an hour but its path was one of great destruction. A mass of scattered peat amounting to no less than 50,000 tons lay over the town.

A Letter Sheet Envelope.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The Postoffice department has completed arrangements for issuing a combined letter sheet and stamped envelope of a pattern which can be readily understood and used. It is styled a "letter sheet envelope," and is of only one denomination—two cents. For the present at least it is deemed expedient to confine the issue of the letter sheet envelope to a few of the principal postoffices. The prices at which the envelopes are to be sold are as follows: Single sheets, 3 cents; two sheets, 5 cents; three sheets, 7 cents; four sheets, 10 cents; five sheets, 12 cents; six sheets, 14 cents; seven sheets, 17 cents; eight sheets, 19 cents; nine sheets, 21 cents; ten sheets, 23 cents; pads of 25 sheets, 58 cents; pads of 50 sheets, $1.15; pads of 100 sheets, $2.30; pads of 500 sheets, $11.50; pads of 1,000 sheets, $23.

A Homesick Consul.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Greenbaum, who was appointed by the administration as consul to the Samoan islands, got homesick and was not content to sit up in Washington without leave. Sec. Bayard told him he would have to immediately return or give up his place, particularly as he was wanted at his post, as a special envoy of the government had been sent there to confer about some matters of international dispute. It is understood that Greenbaum did not go back to the islands to his house, and he has been notified that Sec. Bayard will accept his resignation. The special envoy will straighten out the business of the consulate when he reaches there.

The Labor Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—Hugh J. Mohan, ex-deputy Labor commissioner of California, and for some time past special Washington correspondent for several western newspapers, to-day appointed special agent labor bureau, left to-day for a month's visit to his home in Wisconsin.

A Swindling Pension Examiner.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—The pension office has just been apprised of the arrest in Maryland of a fellow named Wm. Rutlidge, who has been pretending to be a special examiner sent out by the pension office, and swindling soldiers' widows and others interested in getting pensions from the government. He succeeded in defrauding a large number of people in different parts of the country.

THE IRISH LEAGUE.

Meeting of Sympathizers in Chicago, Who Have a Stormy Session and Adopt a Platform.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—The Irish League convention was attended by about 1,500 delegates from the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Patrick Eagan, president of the League, called the convention to order and made a speech advocating unity, caution, perseverence and determination. Addresses were made by prominent Irishmen. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, John Fitzgerald, of Nebraska; vice president, Hugh McCaffery, of Philadelphia; second vice president, Rev. Father McKenna; treasurer, Rev. Father O'Reilley, and for secretary, the present incumbent, Mr. Sutton.

THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

reported through Rev. Mr. Betts as follows:

We, the delegates of the Irish National League of America in convention assembled, firmly believing in the principles of human freedom and in the right of a people to frame their own laws—a right which lies at the foundation of the prosperity and greatness of this republic, and which has been advantageously extended to the colonial possessions of Great Britain, do hereby resolve:

1. That we express our heartiest and most unqualified approval of national self-government for Ireland.

2. That we heartily approve of the course pursued by Charles Stewart Parnell, and his parliamentary associates in the English House of Commons and we renew the expression of our entire confidence in their wisdom and in their ability to achieve home rule in Ireland.

3. That we extend our heart-felt thanks to Mr. Gladstone for his great efforts on behalf of Irish self-government, and we express our gratitude to the English, Scotch, and Welsh Democracy for the support given to the great Liberal leader and his Irish policy during the recent general elections.

4. That this convention hereby returns its thanks to the American people and press for the generous support which they have given to the cause of self government in Ireland.

5. That we record our sense of the remarkable forebearance and self-restraint exercised by our people in Ireland in the face of the cruel and dishonest system of extortion to which they are being subjected by rack-renting landlords, and in view of the license scandalously extended to organized lawlessness in the North of Ireland by partisan officials; and we commend the laudable desire of the people of Ireland to manage their own affairs in their own way.

6. That we hereby thank the president, treasurer and secretary of the Irish National league for the faithful and efficient manner in which they have discharged the arduous duties of their respective stations.

7. That the following cablegram be formulated in the name of the chairman of the convention to the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell:

"Delegates to the Irish National League convention of America send greeting from our body, which embraces representative citizens from every state and territory in the union, and also from all Canada and assure you of a cordial endorsement of your policy by a united and harmonious convention. All of which is respectfully submitted."

Alexander Sullivan made an eloquent address, and evoked wild cheering. He declared that in the suppression of views dear to their souls, they did so that the men in the gap might be untrammelled. The representatives of Ireland present had given proof of their absolute fealty to their native country. The empty sleeve of Michael Davitt testified to what he had suffered. There had been preachers of fear that there would not be harmony in the convention, but the men who had borne the brunt of the fight in the past, and who were ready to bear arms now, if necessary (tremendous cheering) did not fear, and there were enough of them here to strangle, if necessary, those who would attempt to hamper or thwart the absolute purpose of the league to follow Parnell under any flag he might elect. [Great cheering.]

Two freight trains on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg railroad collided near Falls Creek, Pa. Both trains were badly wrecked, and engineer Edward Arms was instantly killed.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE

Opens the Campaign in Maine—The Views of a Statesman on the Living Issues of the Day—Protection vs. Free Trade — The Labor Question — Third Party Prohibitionists.

SEBAGO LAKE, Me., Aug. 24.—Hon. James G. Blaine addressed an immense mass meeting here to-day. A large portion of his address was devoted to the fishery question, and in handling this he contrasted the timid policy of the government in dealing with Canada and Great Britain to its blustering, warlike tone in the disputes with Mexico. War, in any direction, said the orator, would prove a great calamity to the United States, but war forced on Mexico would be a crime, marked in an especial degree by cruelty.

THE TARIFF POLICY.

Following are extracts from that portion of his speech devoted to the tariff question:

It is in the first place especially worthy of observation that in the history of industrial questions no party in time of peace has ever been more united in support of a policy than is the Republican in support of a protective tariff to-day. At the late session of Congress a measure known as the Morrison tariff bill, designed to first weaken and ultimately destroy the protective policy, was resisted by so compact an organization of the Republican members that a single vote from New York and two or three votes from Minnesota were all that broke the absolute unanimity of the party. And this was rendered still more striking by the fact that the organs of Republican opinion in New York and Minnesota declare that these exceptional votes were adverse to the wishes of a large majority of those who elected the dissenting members.

On the other hand, the vast majority of the Democratic members supported the free trade side of the question; but a small minority, uniting with the Republicans, found themselves able to defeat the measure. Thereupon the Democratic papers quite generally throughout the country denounced the recusants as unfaithful to the creed of their party, and the journal in New York which is said to reflect the views of the national administration gave formal notice to all Democrats, North and South, who lean towards the policy of protection, that they must revise their opinions or leave the party, because with their views they can find no sympathy in Democratic ranks and no standing room on Democratic platforms.

These leading facts indicate that the policy of protection against free trade is an issue shaped and determined no longer by sectional preference. It has become general and national, affording a distinct, well marked line of division between the Republican and Democratic parties. I do not recall these facts as preparatory to an analytic discussion of the protective system, but with the view of applying them to certain current movements and current events.

The hostility of the Democratic party to protection has entailed upon the country a vast loss and has in many ways obstructed the progress and development of certain sections. Since the financial panic of 1873 and the contemporaneous solidification of the southern vote, the Democratic party has, with the exception of a single Congress, held control of the House of Representatives. The power to originate revenue bills has been exclusively in their hands and they have used it to the confusion, the detriment, in many instances to the destruction of new enterprises throughout the Union. Confidence once shaken is hard to restore and the schemes of improvement which have been abandoned during the past ten years on account of the uncertainty of our revenue laws constantly menaced by the Democratic party in Congress would have caused prosperity and happiness in many communities which have felt the discouraging influence of dull times.

The Democratic party is constantly using the comparative dullness in business which their own course in Congress for twelve years has largely developed, as an argument against the policy of protection. But it is worth while to compare the condition of the country in this year of grace with its condition the year before the Republicans succeeded in enacting their first protective tariff in the nine states which still do the larger amount of manufacturing for the country, and which did it nearly all a quarter of a century ago, it is interesting and instructive to compare their financial conditions at the beginning of 1861 and at the beginning of 1886. The states referred to are the six New England, with New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1861 the country presented a condition brought about by nearly an entire generation of free trade, and the aggregate amount which the people had accumulated in their savings banks during that long period was less than $150,000,000. In the same states on the first day of January, 1886, the aggregate amount in the savings banks was over $1,620,000,000. The difference in the amount of savings in Maine for the two periods show that in January, 1861, the people had less than $1,500,000 in bank, while in January, 1886, the people had over $36,000,000 in bank.

During this period it must be remembered that the increase of population in the nine states has been about 35 per cent., while the increase of deposits in savings banks has been at the rate of 800 per cent.

It must be remembered that 75 per cent. of this vast sum belongs to the wage workers. The vast number of depositors may be inferred from the fact that in Maine, where the aggregate population is less than 700,000, the thirty-six millions of deposits are divided between 110,000 depositors, showing that about one in six of the total population is a depositor and that the average to each is about $320.

The figures with which we are dealing have been confined to the nine states named because in 1861 the manufacturing done in this country was mainly confined to those states. But the thousand millions of savings by the workers within their borders become still more significant, as an economic fact, when we remember that since 1861 the great body of northwestern states, under the inspiring influence of a protective tariff, have in turn developed an enormous aggregation of manufacturing industries. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, are no longer devoted to agriculture solely, but have a mass of manufacturing industries larger in aggregate value than all the manufactures in all the states of the Union on the day Mr. Lincoln was first inaugurated.

And yet another comparison may be made still more embarrassing to the free trade *doctrinaires* and more difficult for them to answer. While the American workmen in nine states, working under a protective tariff, have saved a thousand millions of dollars in savings banks, the vastly greater mass of workingmen in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the whole United Kingdom, all working under free trade, have less than four hundred millions of dollars in the aggregate both in savings banks and postal banks. These figures are startling. Dollars are the most persuasive of arguments, and the conclusion they teach is so plain that the running man may read.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

On this subject Mr. Blaine said:

I have no new nostrums to offer for the cure of labor troubles, and have no quack remedies to propose. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of the protective tariff, and I can look back with serene satisfaction to my record in Congress as never blotted by a single vote that was not briefly to the interests of American labor. I never proposed anything when I was a candidate for a public office, and now as a private citizen, I have no temptation to flatter any man or state anything else than the simple truth as I see the truth. It is in this spirit that I offer some suggestions which seem to me worthy of attention under the existing situation of the labor question.

In what may be termed the political creed of the various labor organizations I have observed some singular omissions of pertinent and, as I think, controlling facts —facts which in a spirit of friendship and candor I beg to point out. I read, a few days since, in a creed put forth by an association of Knights of Labor, in another state, a recital of eighteen distinct ends which they desired to have secured or maintained by national legislation. Among these there was not the slightest mention of a protective tariff. That might have been an accidental omission, might have implied a perfect sense of safety in regard to the continuance of the tariff; or it might have meant that those who proclaimed the creed are indifferent to the fate of protection.

In any event it would be well for the labor organizations to diligently inquire and ascertain how the wages of labor in the United States can be kept above the rate of wages in England, Germany and France on the same articles of manufacture without the intervention of protective duties? With the present cheap modes of interchange and transportation of all commodities, I inquire of these gentlemen how, under the rule of free trade, can wages in the United States be kept above the general standard of European wages? I do not stop for the detail of argument, I only desire to lodge the question in the minds of the millions of American laborers who have it in their power to maintain protection or to manufacture free trade; who have it in their power to uphold the party of protection or the party of free trade.

Another portentous fact has been omitted—so far as I have observed—from the consideration and judgment of the labor organizations. They seem to have taken little or no heed of the existence of more than a million and a half of able-bodied laborers in the South with dark skins, but with expanding intellect, increasing intelligence and growing ambition. While these men were slaves, working in the corn and cotton fields, in the rice swamps and on the sugar plantations of the South, the skilled labor of the Northern States felt no competition from them. But since they became freemen there has been a great change in the variety and skill of labor performed by colored men in the South. The great mass are, of course, still engaged in agricultural work, but thousands and tens of thousands, and in fact hundreds of thousands, have entered and are entering the mechanical and semi-mechanical field. They are making pig and bar iron in Tennessee and Alabama. They are manufacturing cotton in Georgia and the Carolinas. They are bricklayers and plasterers everywhere; they are carpenters and painters; they are blacksmiths; they make wagons and carts; they make cigars; they lead the hod and make brickmen; they are firemen and pilots on river boats; the calk vessels in Southern ports; they lay railroad tracks; they are switchmen and section men on the line and firemen on locomotives. In fact, they are generally entering all the avenues and channels of skilled labor. Of course they are underpaid. They receive far less than has been paid in years past to Northern mechanics for similar work. They are able to take no part in making laws for their own protection and they are consequently and inevitably unable to maintain a fair standard of wages or to receive a fair proportion of their proper earnings.

I do not dwell on this subject at length, though it could easily be presented in aggravating detail. I mention it only to place it before the labor organizations of the North, with this question addressed to them. Do you suppose that you can permanently maintain in the Northern states one scale of prices when just beyond an imaginary line on the south of us a far different scale of prices is paid for labor? The colored mechanic of the South is not so skillful a workman nor so intelligent a man as you are, but if he will lay brick in a new cotton factory in South Carolina at half the price you are paid, if he will paint and plaster at the same low rate, he is inevitably erecting an injury which if the same rate of wages be maintained throughout, will drive you to new business or lead you to the gates of his own poverty.

The situation is therefore plainly disreputable and demonstrable, viz: First—If the Democratic party shall succeed, as they have been annually attempting for twelve years past, in destroying the protective tariff, the artisans of the United States will be thrown into direct competition with the highly skilled and miserably paid labor of Europe. Second—If the Democratic party shall be able to hold control of the National government, the colored laborer in the Southern states will remain where the Southern Democrats have placed him politically, subject to the will of the white man, and unable to fix the price or command the value of his labor. The colored man will, therefore, under those conditions and influences, remain a constant quantity in the labor market, receiving inadequate compensation for his own toil, and steadily crowding down the compensation of white labor, if not to his own level yet far below its just and adequate standard.

At every point of view, whether it be in exposing the white American laborer to the danger of European competition by destroying the protective tariff, or whether it be in reducing the wages of the white man by unfairly making the colored laborer his fatal competitor, in all the fields of toil, the Democratic party North and South appears as the enemy of every interest of the American workman. With that party placed in full power, and with all its measures achieved, the wages of the American laborer will fall as certainly as effect follows cause.

THIRD PARTY PROHIBITIONISTS.

This question was reserved for the last, and Mr. Blaine discussed it as follows:

The pending contest is marked by the presence of a third party, organized as its leaders say, to enforce the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Maine. There are some singular features in the position of this movement. The Republican party in Maine from the day of its organization has been pledged to prohibition—enacting the principal statute now in force in 1857-8, and since amending it from year to year as the leading temperance men requested. The changes to make it more effective have averaged nearly one for every year since the original law was passed.

The third party in their convention cheerfully testify that prohibition has been so well enforced by the Republicans, that in their judgment Maine is a quarter of a century ahead of the license states in that pertains to temperance reform. The Republicans have this year with special emphasis in their state convention reaffirmed their faith in prohibition and nominated for governor a pronounced supporter of the law. But all this does not suit the third party Prohibitionists. They desire a party of their own, just small enough to have no effect at all, or, if possible just large enough to throw the state into the hands of the Democratic party, which has been as constant in its hostility to prohibition as the Republican party of Maine has been constant in its fidelity to prohibition.

The position and platform of the third party might in fact be thus abbreviated; Whereas the Republican party of Maine enacted a Prohibitory law 30 years ago and has since amended it as a majority of the friends of temperance demanded, and has in consequence been instrumental in a part ofters of temperance a quarter of a century ahead of the license states; therefore, be it resolved, that we, members of a third party of Prohibitionists, will so vote as to defeat the Republican party and turn the government of Maine over to the Democrats, who have through all these years opposed prohibition by every instrumentality in their power.

Democrats of course, with scarcely an attempt at concealment, regard the third party as their especial ally, and the coalition is so evident that I am sure no man can be deceived in regard to the result except him who desires to be deceived. Every voter knows that he must choose between the Republican and Democratic parties—and every voter knows that in joining the third party he indirectly but effectually throws his political and moral influence in favor of the Democracy.

The supporters of the third party adopt as their shibboleth that "the Republican party must be killed," and they have secured the co-operation of the Democrat, of the free Trader, of the saloon proprietor, of all men who wish to keep six millions of colored people in the South disfranchised and oppressed. It is an insincere coalition, an unhallowed partnership, an unholy alliance. Against it the Republican party of Maine presents its uniform support of prohibition, its splendid record of devotion to the protection of American labor, its long and patient effort in behalf of those who are down-trodden and deprived of natural rights. The Republican party has always fought its battles single handed, against great odds, and now with principle untarnished and courage undaunted it will again triumph over the combined force of all its foes.

Connecting Links.

Smallpox is reported as epidemic in Detroit.

More Polish church troubles are feared in Detroit, Mich.

Squire and Flynn, the New York ringsters, have been again indicted, this time with 16 counts.

The entirely family of John Snoderly in Marion county, West Va., drowned by the overflow of a mill run.

It is said Queen Margharita is trying to effect a reconciliation between the Italian government and the Vatican.

The Nessilicon steel works at Sandusky destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $200,-000, on which there was no insurance.

In a fight on the cars near Evansville, Ind., a desparado named Stephens attacked a reputable citizen named Pierce and was fatally stabbed.

Jacob Feck, farmer living near Monticello, Ill., tried to stop a flue during a storm, was killed by lightning, and his wife was dangerously injured.

The National association of ex-Prisoners of War met at Buffalo, N. Y., and passed resolutions asking Congress to place all ex-prisoners of war on the Pension rolls.

Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, has appointed delegates from each congressional district to attend the national congress of agriculturists, to be held in St. Paul, August 25.

Trouble still exists among the switchmen of the Lake Shore road in Chicago, and attempts are frequently made to wreck trains, some of which are successful, though no great damage has thus far been done.

A small row boat was upset on Lake Minnetouka during the storm Sunday, and three or four men in the craft were drowned. Among those drowned were Robert Thurlburt, a prominent real estate dealer; W. B. Jackson, Jr., secretary and treasurer of the Monitor Plow Works, and a hired man in the employ of the plow works.

Another startling chapter in the notorious Robinson-Smith poisoning case was developed in the announcement of the arrest of Dr. C. C. Beers, of Boston, on the charge of murdering, in conjunction with Mrs. Sarah Jane Robinson, the latter's daughter, Lizzie A. Robinson, by administering poison to her. The mother is now in jail on the charge of poisoning her son, William J. Robinson.

WILL LAUGH AT DEATH.

Spies, Schwaub, Fielden, Lingg, Parsons, Fischer, and Engell, Found Guilty of Murder, as Charged—Penalty, Death—Neebe, 15 Years' Imprisonment.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The jury left their hotel at 9:16 a. m., and, under the guidance of ten bailiffs, took their way to the Court-house, and were conducted to an inner room. At 9:20 Mrs. Parsons entered the court room with her reticule, accompanied by a woman who has attended her throughout the trial. She was given a seat between two policemen, and with two policemen immediately in her rear. Whether this precaution was to guard against any extraordinary exploit in the court room or not, is, of course, not known; but the seat accorded the female anarchist was deemed significant.

Mrs. Black, the wife of the chief counsel for the prisoners, who has been in court daily, proceeded to take her former seat near the prisoners, but was requested to take her seat on the opposite side of the court-room. Mrs. Black remarked to a newspaper reporter, as she laid down her package of newspapers, "Well, they say it has all gone against our men. They take it very well, though. They seem to expect it."

The sheriff has refused to allow anyone to see the prisoners, and no one has been permitted to enter the jail since the case was given to the jury, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Foster was the first of the counsel to put in an appearance, arriving at 9:45. He was followed shortly afterward by Mr. Solomon.

Judge Gary arrived at 9:47, and almost at the same moment Capt. Black and Mr. Zeisler, completing the quartette of the defendants' counsel, arrived. Capt. Black remarked to his wife, when he entered, "I have just had a talk with the prisoners. They have seen the papers and know what the probable outcome is. They will laugh at death," said the attorney, with a half tragic air. He declared that they would show no excitement.

Quite a number of attorneys were allowed to come within the railing, which served to give the room a somewhat more crowded appearance. The prisoners were brought into the court room at 9:52, and were seated at the northeast corner of the court room on one side benches.

The court was called to order at 9:54. The prisoners were not observable to the eyes of but very few in the court room. They presented about the usual appearance, though Spies and Fischer looked deathly pale. The jury arrived at 9:55. There was impressive silence as they filed in.

THE VERDICT.

"All guilty of murder, and penalty of death, except Neebe, who is given fifteen years."

The jury was polled. While the jury was called there were cheers distinctly heard in the court room by the crowd outside, at the result of the verdict.

When the jury appeared, Judge Gary enjoined absolute silence. There was a whispered consultation between the judge and the clerk. Then the verdict was announced, as follows:

"We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant, Oscar Neebe, guilty of murder in manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary at fifteen years."

Capt. Black asked that the jury be polled. The jurymen answered with firm voices. Capt. Black said he would desire to make a motion for a new trial.

States Attorney Grinnell said it would be impossible to dispose of the motion during the present term, but by agreement the motion could be argued at the September term. This was agreed to by the defense.

The Court—"Let the motion be entered and continued until the next term, and the defendants taken back to jail."

The Court then arose and addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury—You have finished this long and very arduous trial, which has required a very considerable sacrifice of time, and some hardship. I hope that everything has been done that could possibly be done to make these sacrifices and hardships as mild as might be permitted. It does not become me to say anything in regard to the case that you have tried, or the verdict you have rendered; but men compulsorily serving as jurors, as you have done, deserve some recognition of the service you have performed, beside the meagre compensation you have received."

The foreman of the jury said:

"The jury have deputed to me the only agreeable duty that it is our province to perform, and that is to thank the court and the counsel for the defense and for the prosecution for their kindly care to make us as comfortable as possible during our confinement. We thank you."

The court responded very briefly. The prisoners had filed out during this interim, under the guidance of bailiffs. Hardly had the jury left the room when

A PIERCING SHRIEK

was heard, followed by the heavy falling of the wife of Schwab to the floor, to whom the result of the verdict had been interpreted. She is also the sister of Schwab, and the alleged bomb-thrower. She was carried out to the air by the police and soon revived.

Mrs. Parsons looked haggard as she started to leave the court room, but maintained a moderate degree of composure. The crowd remained outside for an hour after the reading of the verdict.

It is understood that the authorities now contemplate the

IMMEDIATE ARREST

of all persons even indirectly connected with the Haymarket tragedy for conspiracy, and that in this knowledge many of the active leaders, hearing the outcome of the verdict, are preparing to leave the city.

IT WON'T WORK.

An Indianapolis Scheme in Favor of the Chicago Anarchists.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 24.—A report is current here that just before the Haymarket riot in Chicago a stranger entered Deluse's saloon, in this city, and after calling for a drink of whisky, began questioning the proprietor about the condition of the laboring classes in Indianapolis. He was told they were well satisfied and made no complaints. "This is no place for me, then," said the fellow.

As the whisky began to take effect he grew communicative, and, tapping a satchel which he had placed on the counter before him said: "There is something in there for capitalists." As he started out of the place he remarked: "You watch the papers and you'll hear something from Chicago in a few days."

Deluse supposed the man was a crank, but he spoke of the incident to a number of his customers. The report reached Phil Rappaport, leader of the socialists of this city, and he is trying to get Deluse to make affidavit to what the stranger said, with a view to using it in a motion for a new trial for the Chicago anarchists now under sentence of death. Deluse objects to giving an affidavit that would help the anarchists, but it is urged upon him that it may be the means of saving the lives of innocent men. He describes his customer as a small man dressed in dark clothes and wearing a dark stiff hat. He is confident that he could identify the fellow under any circumstances.

GERONIMO'S BAND.

The Effort to Make Peace With the Mexicans—The Indians Escape, as Usual.

TOMBSTONE, Ariz., Aug. 24.—The president of Sonora arrived in town last evening, and brings further particulars of the Indian situation down there. He was at Cuchute ranch when Geronimo and 23 bucks came in. Six bucks came forward with a white flag to five Mexicans at the ranch, and stated, as already reported, their desire to make peace with the Mexicans and raid into Arizona and New Mexico. A couple of days after, Capt. Maedonald and two companies of United states troops arrived from Rucker, by forced marches, with a view of surprising the Indians. They, however, had become come aware of the movements and slipped away several hours before the arrival of the troops in two bands, one of ten coming north, the remaining thirteen going east. This shows how extremely difficult it is to surprise the Apaches, who are as alert as weasels. Part of Capt. Lawton's command come in while the informant was at the ranch; some of the men were wounded. Lawton, who is uninjured, was expected daily. Gen. Forsythe, who went down from Huchacua, is on his way back.

A Cruel Joke Likely to Produce Death.

SHARON, Pa., Aug. 23.—Miss Lou Marstellar is the guest of the Crosby family at Middlesex, six miles south of Sharon. The Crosbys tendered their friends a party in her honor a few evenings since. Some of the young men learned which room of the residence Miss Marstellar was occupying, and placed in her bed a dummy dressed in men's clothes. To assure the success of the joke the men, by artifice, succeeded in having the lady dispense with a light when retiring for the evening. When about to lay herself on the couch the moonlight revealed to the lady the figure in the bed. She swooned, and has since been in such a critical condition that the joke is likely to result in death. The parties are all of good family.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

REVOLUTION IN BULGARIA.

Prince Alexander Compelled to Abdicate —The Russian Army Moving.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—A dispatch from Sofia, Bulgaria, dated Saturday, says: The populace and the troops quartered in the capital surrounded the palace early this morning. Prince Alexander abdicated and was escorted over the frontier. There was no disorder. The populace then assembled and adopted a resolution praying the czar to re-extend his sympathy to the Bulgarian people. The assemblage proceeded to the palace of the Russian agent and submitted to him the resolution, all kneeling. The agent assured them of the czar's friendship.

A report has reached here that Russian troops are proceeding to Bulgaria by the way of Varna. The *Standard* says it believes that Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky were forewarned of the Bulgarian revolution, which is full of tokens of larger mischief and widening disturbances, but they were heedless. England must intervene to save Austria from the consequences of her blunders or bad faith.

VIENNA, Aug 22.—The news of the revolution in Bulgaria caused a heavy and rapid fall on the bourse here. One rumor is that Prince Alexander was imprisoned at Widdin; another is that he was placed on board a ship whose destination is unknown. M. Seankoff, who is the prime mover of the revolution, and the nominal head of the government, allows only favorable news to leave Bulgaria.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The *Daily News* this morning says: "It is obvious that Prince Alexander was deprived of his throne by the direct orders of the Czar. The official version of the revolution is so flagrantly and transparently dishonest that it will not deceive a child. The effect may be extremely serious. Russia's action is absolutely unwarrantable, and without excuse. The argument of the Berlin *Post* that the revolution implies a Russian victory over English influence in the East is absurd. No power is less interested than England. Alexander was nominally a vassal of the Sultan, and if it can be shown that he was deposed without the Sultan's consent, a grave international difficulty will at once be raised."

How Prince Alexander was Deposed.

LONDON, August 23.—A dispatch from Vienna contains the following: Prince Alexander was deposed by conspiracy. He was escorted to Widdin, to embark thence on Sunday for Severin in Wallichia, Roumania. A dispatch from Bucharest, capital of Ramaul, states that all news from Bulgaria comes at present through official channels, and that no person is allowed to either enter or leave Bulgaria. The telegraph lines, the dispatch adds, have been stopped from operation.

The story of the deposition is told as follows: Karaveloff, the prime minister, entered the palace at Sofia and explained to Prince Alexander that the public opinion of Bulgaria was dissatisfied with his policy and demanded his deposition. Prince Alexander said: "I see no friends; I cannot resist."

Public meetings have been held in Sofia and Rustchuk, and in all of them the proclamation of the change of government was received with favor. The people rejoice over the coup, which, they say, ended an intolerable situation.

The Bulgarians are pursuaded that Russia will how assist them to consummate the union which they think it is Turkey's design to frustrate.

Prince Alexander was taken completely by surprise. He was astounded at the sudden bursting of the plot upon him.

M. Karaneloff had managed the whole affair with such secresy that the only indication of the coming storm was the unanimous spirit noticeable among the troops. Prince Alexander had ordered the circulation of papers among them, which openly declared that he alone was the only obstacle to the union; but his orders in this regard were not obeyed. The affection of the common people for Prince Alexander, personally, remains undiminished.

Gen. Sedgewick in Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Aug. 23.—Gen. Sedgewick arrived here this morning and was met by Consul Gen. Porch. He spent the day with Minister Jackson. Gen. Sedgewick has not yet visited Minister Mariscal, of the foreign department, but will probably do so to-morrow. He will make his principal investigation at Chihuahua. News was received here to-day officially, that Medina, having withdrawn his suit for damages against Cutting, the Supreme court of the state of Chihuahua, which had the appeal under consideration, threw the entire case out of court and ordered the release of Cutting.

A rumor is current among the Americans here that Gen. Sedgwick carries his commission as minister to succeed Gen. Jackson.

Corn and Wheat—The Latest Estimate of the Yield.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's issue of the *Farmers' Review:* The tenor of the reports from the corn belt, while indicating a slight improvement in some sections, does not show any particular change for the better. The crop, as a whole, has been badly injured, and rains and floods in Illinois, while staying injury on the lowlands, have not revived general crop conditions, indicating that a large proportion of the corn area has been burned, dried up and ruined. The general situation in Illinois and Iowa has been aggravated by the presence of chinch bugs. The yield in Illinois does not promise to exceed one-half that of last year, while that of Iowa will be about 60 per cent. of last year's crop.

In Minnesota, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana the condition of the growing corn is still reported to average fairly well. In Wisconsin, Missouri and Kansas the general outlook is poor, but sufficient data is not at hand to make any close computation as to the probable yield. The counties in Kansas reporting this week indicate an average of from 50 to 75 per cent. There has been nothing in the reported threshing of wheat to indicate any special change in the estimates heretofore made regarding the output for the entire country, namely, from 416,000,000 to 420,000,000 bushels. The yield for Dakota, Washington Territory and Oregon will fall short of the estimates heretofore published.

Another Kentucky War in Full Blast.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 24.—Fulton French and Joe Eversole are rival merchants at Hazard, county seat of Perry, a mountain county. Some weeks ago their rivalry led to a murderous fight, in which French and his friends were worsted and driven out. French has since been collecting a band with which he will move on Hazard and in turn drive out Eversole. He makes Mount Pleasant, about 30 miles away, his headquarters. He has recruited 70 men of desperate fortunes. These, armed with Winchester rifles, secured from Knoxville, are drilled every day, and are fully supplied with ammunition. Roads approaching Mount Pleasant are picketed some five or ten miles out, and not even a messenger for a physician is allowed to go into the town at night. They have taken prisoners from jail and armed them, and given jailer Kelly warning not to try to leave upon pain of death. Kelly is wanted as a witness at Pineville, but cannot make his escape. Eversole, surrounded by an equally desperate gang, is fortified at Hazard. A fierce and decisive conflict is imminent, and an effort is being made to have the governor interfere at once,

New York Police Looking After the Anarchists.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Police Capt Clinchy, in whose precinct the Irving Hall is situated, was summoned to the district attorney's office to-day and questioned at great length as to the nature of the speeches made Friday night by the Anarchists at the meeting called to sympathize with the condemned Chicago bomb throwers. The captain was accompanied by several of his officers, and gave the information required.

Mr. Nicoll afterward turned over the captain and his men to Assist. Dist. Atty. Semple, that the latter might go into the matter more fully. Mr. Semple's duties embrace the presentation of matters before the grand jury and the drawing up of indictments. It is probable the attention of the grand jury, which will be sworn in next month, will be called to the subject, and the prevailing opinion is that those conspicuously identified with the meeting will be indicted under the law relating to "unlawful assemblies," upon which Herr Most was convicted.

The Galveston Storm.

GALVESTON, Aug. 20.—The storm absolutely wrecked about 150 buildings, and flooded, undermined and otherwise damaged many more. The central portion of the city is not severely damaged. Among the buildings destroyed are Beach rink, where the state Democratic convention was held, and all buildings on the interstate drill grounds. The total loss will reach $200,000.

First Case Under the Oleomargarine Law.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Frederick A Berry, grocer at State and Randolph streets, and Joseph Zuckerman, dealer in produce, at Oak and Fremont streets, were arraigned for trial, before Justice Kistler, yesterday, on the charge of selling oleomargarine under the name of fresh dairy butter, and held to the criminal court in bonds of $10,-000 each.

MILWAUKEE BREWERS

Threaten to Discharge All Knights of Labor, Unless the Boycott is Removed.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 24.—A new phase in the brewers' boycott was developed yesterday, when the Best Brewing company served a notice on Gambrinus assembly, Knights of Labor, that unless the boycott declared against the brewery was ordered off before Friday next the company would discharge every Knight of Labor in its employ. The boycott commenced some weeks ago. Previously the assembly had made a demand on the brewers to discharge certain workmen, to the number of twenty altogether, who were either members of the Central Labor Union or non-union men. This demand was refused. Then followed a boycott against Best's, Falk's, Gettleman's and Miller's breweries.

Little attention was paid to the boycott at first, which led to further efforts on the part of the Knights to make it a success. Cards were procured and posted up in conspicuous places, and all the arts of persuasion used to prevent saloonists from purchasing beer from the boycotted breweries. Now the breweries are beginning to strike back. It is customary in breweries to issue to each workman so many checks daily, each of which is good for a glass of beer at the brewery saloon. This is done to prevent constant drinking, which would be indulged in if some such check was not imposed. Friday the Best company abolished the check system, and gave money instead, whereby the men could purchase such beer as they wanted. At the same time the company began a system of discrimination, by giving no money to members of Gambrinus assembly, which is backing the boycott. This was not very well received, but the company persisted, and followed their action up by yesterday's notice. As the brewery employs about 500 or 600 men, and its lead will be followed by other boycotted concerns, it is quite likely that a thousand or more men will be looking for employment Friday night, unless the Knights back down.

The breweries are in good shape to carry out their threats, as the Central Labor union has denounced the boycott as unjust. In case the knights are discharged, union men will be put in their places. It looks very much now as though the breweries are on the eve of a more bitter struggle than they engaged in early in May.

IN A CORK VEST.

Over the Whirlpool Rapids on a Wager of $10,000.

NIAGARA FALLS, Aug. 22.—William J. Kendall, of Boston, to-day swam successfully, in a cork vest, the whirlpool rapids of Niagara river. The trial was to settle a wager of $10,000 made by Boston parties, he to receive $1,000 of the stakes. There were few spectators of the affair, it having been kept quiet. Kendall relates the following experiences when he reached the spot where Capt. Webb is supposed to have lost his life: The water seemed to go from under him and a huge wave struck him on the head and shoulders, knocking him unconscious for a few moments. He found his swimming abilities of no use whatever, and floated on without effort.